

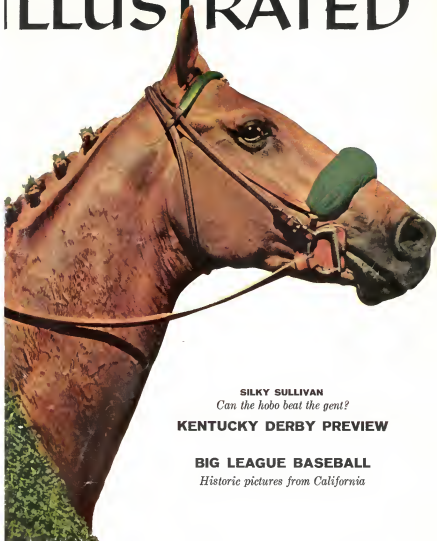
# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 26, 1958

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR



**SILKY SULLIVAN**

*Can the hobo beat the gent?*

**KENTUCKY DERBY PREVIEW**

**BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL**

*Historic pictures from California*



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Cover, Billy Sullivan ►

Few race horses have captured the national imagination as Billy Sullivan has, here shown in his special St. Patrick's Day getup. He is the special feature of the Kentucky Derby Preview, which begins on page 8.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

## Next week



► Gil McDougald, the talented Yankee infielder, discusses his specialty in Part 4 of *Big League Secrets*, and an intimate portrayal of Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner.

► In color, southern California's fabulous, teeming Newport Beach harbor, a sunny playground of narrow Venetian channels and gangling beaches set against the blue Pacific.

► A preview of the college crew season and an introduction to Jim Raderhmidt and his Yale crewmen—the outfit to beat—as rowing gets under way. By Don Parker.

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## MEMO from the publisher

THE EXCELLENCE sport evokes in performance repeats itself in the excellence sport evokes in design. You can see it in a fly rod or a golf club, a shotgun or skis. And certainly nowhere more than in the clothes of sport.

In recognition of this, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1956 established the American Sportswear Design Awards to honor the people whose creative talents have conspicuously advanced the style and comfort of the clothes that women now wear for and because of sport. After only two years the awards are among the most highly coveted in fashion.

Next month, on May 28 at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will make the third annual ASDA presentations.

For the Sporting Look Award the citation reads: "To the women's sportswear designer who, by his or her creation of a distinctive mood, has continuously contributed to the American Sporting Look."

For the Designer of the Year Award: "To the women's sportswear designer who, during the past year, has made the most significant contribution to American Sportswear through a specific collection, idea or innovation."

The ASDA nominating committee, headed by Miss Elizabeth Fairall, vice-president emerita of the Julius

Garfinckel Co., has already named 12 candidates for each award. Votes are now coming in from the 600 retail fashion executives who have the responsibility for the final selections.

Previous ASDA winners were: for the Sporting Look Award, the late Claire McCardell in 1956 and Sydney Wragge in 1957; for the Designer of the Year Award, Rudi Gernreich in 1956 and Bill Atkinson in 1957—all of whose names stand for the very forefront of fashion.

Directly inspired by their ASDA honors, both Wragge and Atkinson have designed two new collections for this season. Atkinson's, a spring wardrobe for women golfers, appeared in the SPORTING LOOK in our March 24 issue. Wragge's collection, to be shown in color in our May 26 SPORTING LOOK, takes its motif from the America's Cup Races, in a year when they are being renewed for the first time since 1937.

The America's Cup will also set the theme for the program at the St. Regis. It is, I think, appropriate both for its timeliness and for the fact that in the graceful boats which vie for yachting's greatest prize sport and design meet perfectly.

Just as they do in the performance of the two people who on May 28 will receive one of fashion's finest laurels, an American Sportswear Design Award.

*Harry Phillips*

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# SCOREBOARD

*A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week*

**RECORD BREAKERS**—EDGE SOUTHERN, territorial Texas junior, and GAIL HODGSON, brilliant South African who now runs for Oklahoma, set thrilling pace, led teams to records in Kansas Relays at Lawrence, Versatile South African, who flew up from Dallas after beating Bobby Morrow in 220 in 20.6, spread his wings as 440 tore off 44.6 anchoring to lead teammates Wally Wilson, Drew Dugas and Jimmy Hoh to new college mile relay record of 3:09.4, bettering 17-year-old mark held by California (April 19). Day earlier, Hodgson backed up fellow Southerners Gary Parr, John Pelow and Dee Grimm with slanting 1.48 half mile as quartet was clocked in 3:49.5 for U.S. and college sprint medley record in new school race, runners-up Houston Oklahoma State, Nebraska also better existing standard.

MAX TRUCK, sturdy USC two-miler, built up pressure with 1:07 final lap, poked up speed and lead as he went along to set college record of 8:54.8 as team beat California 31½-30½ at Berkeley (April 19).

ST. LOUIS' MARY MURPHY, as reliable as an old shoe, hammered last 1958 home run and single against Chicago Cubs (April 17) to break National League record for total bases, added 3 homers, 1 double, 3 singles, before week's end to boost new mark to 3,863.

**BASEBALL**—MAJOR LEAGUE baseball came to West Coast amid record crowds, razz-dazz and heat prostrations as San Francisco Giants took two out of three from Dodgers at home, moved down to cinder at Los Angeles where 78,612 packed sprawling Coliseum (see below) and Walter O'Malley's hulking poster, to watch home team win 6-5 as homers sailed blithely over left-field screen. Attendance failed off to 41,368 and 17,234 for next two games, which Giants won 11-4, 12-2 to rise to second place, push Dodgers down to seventh in National League, but Philadelphia began to blossom and 25 parboiled Angels came out in

Sunday's 96° temperature. It mattered little to Californians that Chicago, surprisingly enough, took four straight from St. Louis before Cards, with lift from old pro Stan Musial, halted Cubs 9-4 and that Milwaukee could do no better than win three out of five from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. AMERICAN LEAGUE took on familiar look as New York Yankees, with airtight pitching from vets Don Luten, Johnny Kucka, Whitey Ford and Bob Turley, won five out of six from Boston and Baltimore, assumed expected perch at top of standings. Kansas City and Washington, of all teams, were tied for second, while more likely challengers Chicago, Detroit and Boston were having trouble getting unranked.

**HORSE RACING**—JEWEL'S REWARD, fiery Maine Chance bay colt with eye on Derby races, responded with alertness when stung by whip in stretch, pulled away from Neoridin to win \$56,500 Wood Memorial at Jamaica (see below) by half length after surviving foul claim by runner-up. Reported Eddie Arana, up on Jewel's Reward for first time in sixth Wood victory. "This dude won't run until he gets a horse alongside him. He had plenty left at the finish."

TIM TAY, Calumet's No. 1 Derby boy, topped out in blinkers with Pegasus half-pole to protect injured eye, stayed well on pace until called upon by Bill Hartack, raced to half-length victory over Nadir in track record 1:22½ for seven furlongs at Keeneland, brought back hoped-for measures of schematics from Luge's triumph in same race year ago.

**BOXING**—JAMES D. MORRIS, millionaire monopolist of boxing's most powerful store, gave in to insulating pressure (wring heart, autocrat decision, New York boxing investigation) issued in towel, resigned as president of New York and Illinois IBCs. His

dedicated successor Truman B. Gilson Jr., Chicago attorney and longtime Morris lieutenant, who indicated IBF will carry on business as usual (see page 11).

CONGRESSMAN F. EDWARD HUBERT (D, La.) stood up on floor of House, charged that New Orleans lightweight Ralph Dupas and his manager, Whitey Enns, had to submit to "shakedown demands from persons prominently identified with the IBC" in order to get May 7 title bout with Joe Brown, named Angelo Dundee as one who muddled in on Dupas' contract, called for Congressional probe to rid boxing of "monopolistic bloodsuckers." Charges brought ready denial from IBC's Gleason, Dupas, Miami Beach Promoter Chm Dundee (brother of Angelo), who asserted: "Ridiculous. Angelo handles only Dupas' out-of-town fights because Whitey wants him to."

PASCUAL PEREZ, foughtly little world flyweight champion from Argentina, found himself unceremoniously dumped on his pants in second, climbed off floor to outslug Challenger Ramon Arana in 12-round before 14,000 who paid \$135,000 at Caneas.

ASACR, smooth, rough-and-ready 17-year-old New York student, belted Hawaii's Paul Fujii into first-round TKO to retain 130-pound title, was named outstanding performer in AAU championships at Boston.

**TRACK & FIELD**—BILL WOODHEAD, spunky little Athens Christian sprinter who has suddenly moved up to challenge matriarch best, trailed Bobby Morrow in 6.5 hundred at Dallas, came back two days later in meet at Abilene to beat illustrious teammate by inches at wind-aided 9.3, stepped out to take Marrowless 220 in 20 flat with help of same too-brisk breeze.

**SOCCER**—FRENCH, who take their Le Foot ball as seriously as most Americans do baseball, were shocked by spectacular and glibful "disappearance" of 12 of nation's most famous Algerian footballers, including four international stars, on eve of match with Switzerland (which ended in 0-0 draw). Departed players suddenly turned up in Tunis in obedient tow of FLN terrorists,

## accent on the deed . . .



**BRIGHTEST GEN** in collection of Mrs. Elizabeth Graham (left) is Jewel's Reward, shown here with Eddie Arana in the saddle and Trainer Tean Parks standing by, after winning the Wood Memorial.



**BIGGEST CROWD** in National League history, 78,612, greets ex-patriate Dodgers on opening day in Los Angeles Coliseum. Dodgers won 6-5, but pitchers are in for long, hard summer (see page 11).





## THE HOBO

THE BOSS	SIR CONDO	PANDORA	SILKY SULLIVAN
WIN HULL			
HAPPY WARRIOR	HAPPY CLIMAX	KIT KID	
CLUE			
SETH LAM	KNIGHT	AMERSON LIGER	
CASTELLANI	OF THE CARTER		
FLYING DR	FLYING AID	GARY N TALK	
GREEN			
PHALARIS	PHAROS	TECHNOL	
SCAPA FLOW			
NICKER	LA RESONANT		
ERLOUSAND			
PAIR PLAN	CHARGE PLAY		
QUELL CHANCE			
WHICHING	COTTEE DIP		
AFTERNOON			



The two co-favorites for the 84th Kentucky Derby may not have the race all to themselves; one certainty is that, win or lose, this will come to be known as Silky's Derby

by WHITNEY TOWER

LADIES and gentlemen, the main attraction: the mile-and-one-quarter Kentucky Derby for the 3-year-old championship of America; each contestant to carry 126 pounds. On your left, wearing a chestnut coat, weighing 1,200 pounds, height 16.3 hands, girth 76 inches, eyes blue and brown, the hero of the hobos, that fighting Irishman from the West Coast, Sil-kee Sullivan!

"And on your right, dressed in dark bay, weighing 1,050 pounds, height 16 hands, girth 71½ inches, eyes brown, that consistently fine representative from Kentucky—and a credit to the name of Calumet Farm—the fancy Dan from the East, Tim Tam!"

This is how a gravel-voiced fight announcer in the tradition of Harry Balogh might introduce the 84th running of America's most glamorous horse race at Churchill Downs on May 3. Before quite a number of these 83 Derbies the skies have echoed to anticipatory roars of enthusiasm from citizens of the proud racing state of California. Back in 1950 the noise was particularly deafening as thousands of these jubilant souls crossed the Rockies to Louisville where they roamed the mysterious labyrinths of Churchill Downs (shown, incidentally, in detailed drawings on pages 10-17), singing the praises of their flashy speedball hero, Your Host. Their color bearer led for a mile and

then managed to hang on long enough to finish ninth.

Since then the West Coast has been far more successful. First it was Determine (bred in Kentucky but owned and raced in California), who won in 1954, and the following season when nobody but Californians thought Swaps was better than Nashua, Swaps showed them that he was—at least on the afternoon of May 7, 1955.

Now the Californians are at it again, and this time they come to challenge the best in the East with a freakish stretch-running colt who has already found more popularity before facing the Derby starter than have most colts fortunate enough to win Triple Crown and Horse-of-the-Year honors. For although Silky Sullivan's papers show little to recommend him for the favorite's role, his nationwide adulation has reached such staggering proportions that he will quite likely find himself in just such a sentimental and mathematically regulated position by post time on the big day.

# AND THE GENT



TIM TAM

TOM FERL	HONKY	PARADISE II	PRINCE
		ALCANTARA	SEINE
	GAE	BURL DOE	SUPREMACY
		ALPHEE	REGAL ROMAN
TWO LIA	BURL DOE	BURL DOE	TODDY
		ROSE LEAVES	PLUCKY LIEGE
	TWO BOE	TWO PORTER	GOSSIP
		BLESSINGS	LAUGHING QUEEN
			TORRY
			PLUCKY LIEGE
			BALLOT
			COLUMBIA
			SWEEP
			BALLET GIRL
			CIRCLE
			MIDWINTER BELLS

Derbies have a way of being named—in later years—after one particular horse, not always the winner. For instance, 1953 was—and always will be—known as Native Dancer's Derby because the idolized gray simply couldn't lose. Though he did. Conversely, it appears that the 1957 Derby, despite the richly deserved victory of Calumet and Iron Liege, will come to be associated less with that feat than with the horrendous error committed by Willie Shoemaker on Gallant Man when he misjudged the finish line. That one might even be called Shoemaker's Derby.

And so might next week's 84th, which may not be won by Willie on Silky Sullivan but which will most certainly be enlivened by the pair of them. For Silky's accomplishments, belittled in some quarters, exaggerated in others, have placed him in the unique position of being a full-fledged hero before his supreme trial. As a California phenomenon—in a land where phenomena are not uncommon—Silky Sullivan is more

popular than the Los Angeles Dodgers, the San Francisco Giants and even, as one Santa Anita regular dared to suggest recently, "more popular than Swaps ever was." If, in reality, he is a hobo masquerading at Churehill Downs with false credentials, he will be quickly put in his place by the likes of Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward. But, even should this happen, the Silky fans will probably not take to swigging hemlock. For the Silk Man has already made the first part of the 1958 racing season—and win or lose next Saturday, this one will always go down as Silky's Derby. It can be no other way.

Favorite or no, Silky Sullivan will not have Churchill Downs quite to himself. Somewhere up ahead of him for most of the mile-and-a-quarter trip, if not for all of it, will be that dark bay colt carrying the famous devil's-red and blue silks of six-time Derby-winning Calumet Farm. His name: Tim Tam. His popularity: nothing like Silky's. His Kentucky Derby qualifications: grade A.

The co-favorites for this 84th running present a marked contrast between two colts with championship aspirations. If Silky is depleted by some as a flashy, hoboish sort of character who grins secretly in delight at the roar from the stands as he shifts his powerful legs into overdrive, Tim Tam is, by comparison, a perfect picture of gentlemanly decorum: a conservative well-mannered student from the classrooms of Groton. If these were two young men working their way toward teen-age athletic stardom, Silky would be plodding along in a form-fitting T shirt and last year's sneakers, Tim Tam would be decked out in shorts created for the day by a Savile Row tailor working under special commission in the prep-school department of Brooks Brothers. Silky does his chores for Trainer Reggie Cornell (who has never started a horse in the Derby before) and for his co-owners Phil Klipstein and Tom Ross (who has never even seen a Derby before) wearing a red noseband—the green one

continued

# INSIDE CHURCHILL DOWNS

DRAWINGS BY ROY DOTY • TEXT BY EARL RUBY



On these pages and the six that follow, Roy Doty takes a Colonel and his Lady through the passages, dining rooms, bars and private nooks that make up the world's longest racing plant. Tower Conductor Earl Ruby of the Louisville Courier-Journal points up the highlights—but leaves a few surprises for the studious reader



THROUGH THIS GRANDSTAND ENTRANCE (1) pour the earliest customers. Those without seats head for the underpass (2) to the infield. The underpass was built in 1946 to keep the customers from swarming across the racing strip. In the General



Office (3), their work almost done, are Russell Sweeney, the resident manager (standing), and Stanley Hugenberg, the executive vice-president (at the desk). President Bill Corum is greeting the Colonel and his Lady in the handsome six-room private

## KENTUCKY DERBY continued

worn by Silky on the cover was in honor of an exhibition outing on St. Patrick's Day—a specially made super-size surcingle (to get around his enormous girth) and a set of unconventional steel shoes. Tim Tam, the wearer of ultra-conventional standard aluminum racing plates, carries no surplus equipment, and nothing he does on the race track comes as too much of a surprise to either his fans or to the team of Owner Mrs. Gene Marley (see page 84) and Trainer Jimmy Jones.

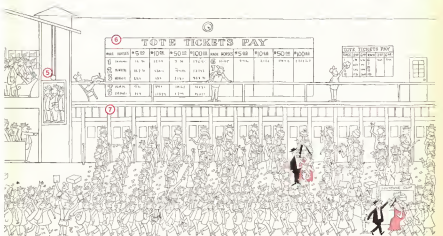
Everything about Tim Tam—from his proper breeding and upbringing in the hands of the skillful tutors at Calumet to his authoritative way of winning races—suggests that this is what a Kentucky Derby champion should be. As the bloodline chart on page 9 indicates, Tim Tam is classically bred. His sire is Tom Fool, one of the great runners of this or any

other generation, and his dam, the champion Two Lea, was the winner of 15 races (including the Hollywood Gold Cup) and the sum of \$309,250. Two Lea herself is a daughter of Bull Lea, who, as Calumet's fabulous sire of champions, has already produced three Kentucky Derby winners: Citation in 1948, Hill Gail in 1952 and Iron Liege in 1957.

In direct contrast to this social register pedigree, Silky Sullivan is a boy who has had to make it almost on his own. His sire, Sullivan, raced in Ireland at the age of 2, and although he only won one of four starts he was in the money in the other three. In California the next year (1947) he managed to win five of his eight starts while increasing his bankroll by the meager amount of \$23,650. Rated strictly as a sprinter, only one of Sullivan's victories came at the intermediate distance of a mile and a sixteenth. This is, to be sure, small potatoes beside the accomplish-

ments of Tom Fool, who, in winning all 10 of his 1953 starts at the age of 4, never carried less than 125 pounds but carried as much as 136 as he swept everything before him at distances from 5½ furlongs to a mile and a quarter.

Silky's dam, Lady N Silk, a non-winner in four starts, shows up better as a carrier of staying power. Bloodline charts, like any elaborate set of statistics, can invariably be drawn upon to prove a number of contradictory breeding theories, and far enough back in the pedigree of any horse—even the moderate claimer—there is to be found a name or two upon which to pin some measure of credit for success. Thus, while Silky Sullivan's immediate ancestors are on the undistinguished side, it must still be remembered that this big chestnut is, after all, a Thoroughbred—just the same as Tim Tam is a Thoroughbred. It is only necessary to backtrack three generations from



apartment above (4), where later he will entertain the Derby winner and his friends. The elevator (5) to the apartment never is large enough on Derby Day. The boys on the catwalk (6) have chalked up the results of the early races and now await

the big one, which also absorbs the customers below (7) at some of the 424 selling windows (there are only 393 cubs). The Colond escorts his Lady to a "win" window, much to her alarm. She usually likes to bet three horses to show. . .

continued

Lady N Silk until the name Fair Play pops up. Fair Play sired the greatest of all American champions: Man o' War. And in that same generation line the charts show that the famous European stallion Phalaris is both the great great grand sire of Tim Tam (on Tom Fool's side) and the great great grand sire of Silky Sullivan (on his dam's side).

In discussing the opposite pedigree patterns of the two Derby favorites, California breeding authority Leon Rasmussen recently said, "While [I am] willing to admit that Silky Sullivan has a pedigree, especially on his dam's side, which might produce a horse able to win at 10 furlongs in stakes company, the colt still is a comparative 'freak,' for it demands a most felicitous mating of the genes to make him, on bloodlines, a classic winner. . . . In other words, if Silky goes on to win the Derby—possibly the Triple Crown—breeding experts are going to be thrown back on their heels.

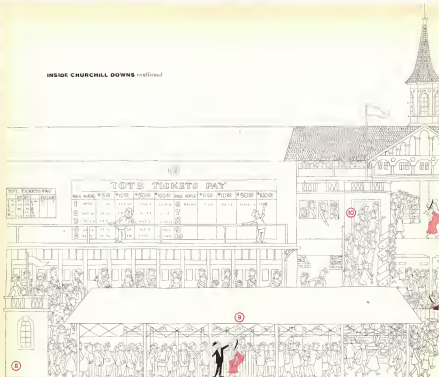
Such things happen just often enough in racing to be good for the game."

Nothing, however, could be better for the game than the spectacle of watching Silky Sullivan run. That agonizing delayed action—whether caused by a possible arthritic condition which brings on physical pain until he has warmed up by running, or by the fact that Silky is just enough of a natural showman, and a smart enough one, to know that a good horse can often take it easy for all but about three-eighths of a mile—there have been few sights on the American turf to compare with it. Of all the successful come-from-behind horses of recent years (including Whirlaway, Stymie, Ponder, Phalaris, Needles and even Gallant Fox), none was successful in getting as far back—41 lengths in one race, and usually about 30 lengths—and then turning the apparent rout into victory. The fact that Silky always does drop way out of it but does not invar-

ably win has naturally stimulated some skeptical eyebrow-raising. His fans can usually say the distance was not long enough to suit Silky; the opposing camp is more apt to point out that if Silky can't always lick "ordinary" horses in California he won't even come close to making up 30 lengths on eastern stakes winners.

While Tim Tam, in winning seven of his nine races this season, has also enjoyed his share of dramatic finishes, he has yet to become a matinee idol even to the extent that Calumet's Gen. Duke was a year ago before an injury forced him to the Derby sidelines. One of the reasons, of course, although Trainer Jimmy Jones doesn't yet thank Tim Tam is the horse Gen. Duke was, is that Tim Tam merely does what is asked of him in a neat and utterly convincing fashion. With his regular rider, Bill Hartack, aboard, Tim Tam will usually lay off the pace far enough to be within

continued



... This is the historic area where the mellow past mingles with the present, and there is no room for future expansion. The sloped section (shingled roof) is the oldest. It was built in 1896. Prior to that time the stands were on the other side of the track. The paddock (B) and paddock walk (C) separate the

grandstand and clubhouse. A trout baitonholes the Lady as the Colonel studies the steeds carrying their pointers. One clubhouse entrance (E) is at the left. The horses once entered the track through the large opening to the left of the TV truck (extreme right), and the paddock stood where the flower bed

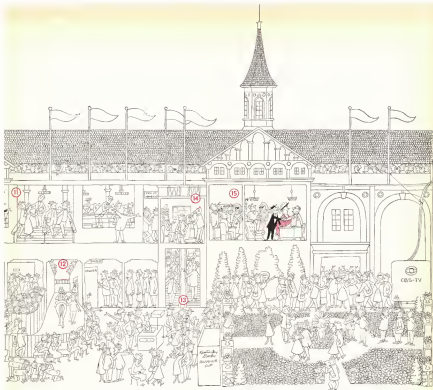
#### KENTUCKY DERBY continued

striking distance and yet not so far as to bring on any grandstand heart attacks. When he makes his move you have that instinctive feeling that it is a move toward victory and no matter how long it takes to wear down the pace-setter Tim Tam will be right there until the job is done. If you ask Jimmy Jones about Tim Tam he'll reply very frankly, "He's kind, docile and gentle all the way through. He doesn't yet have the fire of a Gen. Duke, but always remember this about young 3-year-olds: they are like a bunch of maturing athletes; the

ones with splinters in the seat of their pants one day are the ones who jump up and surprise you by turning into champions the next day. Tim Tam is improving all the time and I guess you'd have to say that for an outfit going into the Derby with probably just one horse [instead of an entry], we've got just as much a look at it as any other fellow." Unquote the voice of understatement. A few days after Jones made this comment Tim Tam came out on the Keeneland Race Course at Lexington and set a new track record as he dashed the seven-furlong distance in 1:22 1/5 and beat Claiborne Farm's Nadir by a half-

length, apparently with a good deal of speed in reserve.

The fight announcer who made his first fictional appearance at the start of this preview faithfully reflected the popular opinion of the 1958 Derby field. But he would have been entirely wrong, according to others, in figuring this contest as strictly a two-horse race. As many as 20 entries (from an original eligibility list of 140 nominees) may turn up, because neither Tim Tam nor Silky Sullivan has managed, during winter campaigns in Florida and California, to frighten away the opposition in the manner that Citation did when



now is. It was moved to the left as more and more of the grandstand was taken over for clubhouse use. Tom Young, track superintendent, has his office on the walkway, almost out on the track itself. A ramp (10) takes clubhouse guests over the heads of grandstand patrons to the Paddock Bar (11). Esplanades

(12) are numerous, but this is the only one giving direct service to the horriben mimes. Publicist Brownie Leach interviews turf experts in the small TV room (14). And in the Directors' Room (15), Graham Brown, Bill Veerman and other directors entertain special guests, including the Colonel and his Lady. ...

continued

he won the Triple Crown in 1948.

This season must, in looking at it from an over-all perspective, be another of those sort of wide-open years even if only because of Silky's freakish way of running, and likewise because, despite Tim Tam's most recent record breaker, this dark bay was considerably hard put to win the mile-and-an-eighth Florida Derby over the 75-to-1 shot Lincoln Road. The Louisville field could be studied for forelorn hopes.

Some of those in it, naturally, have a better chance (or, as the jockeys say, "a look at the money") than others. First to be included in

this group is Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Jewel's Reward, the hard-luck disqualified winner of the Flamingo, who is trained by Ivan Parke. Now that Mrs. Graham and Parke have substituted Eddie Arcaro for that impetuous, overeager (but excellent) rider Manuel Ycaza, Jewel's Reward has become more of a Derby threat than ever. Arcaro, with 18 Derby appearances, five of them winning ones, knows the conditions of that race as no man in history, and if there is any possible way to get Jewel's Reward clear of trouble and ultimately down in front, Arcaro knows how to do it. His mount,

making his first start since the disputed Flamingo in last Saturday's Wood Memorial at Jamaica, demonstrated his gameness in winning, although the Wood field contained nothing of top-ranking ability.

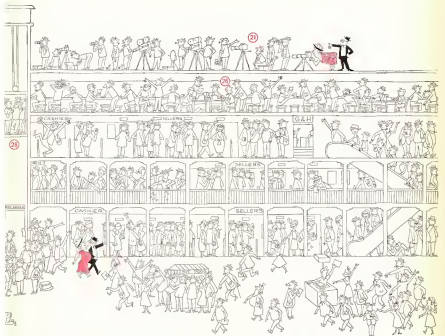
One of the surprises of this Derby—although it wouldn't have been classified in the surprise bracket at all a few months ago—could be Nadir, who indicates from time to time that one of these days he is going to jump up and run a whale of a horse race. So far this season The Garden State winner has been largely a disappointment, possibly through no fault of

continued









line up on the roof. TV Announcers Bryan Field and Fred Caposella (22) are next to the photo finish cameraman, Art Kupcion (23), who is exactly over the finish line. Two TV cameramen (25) occupy the highest vantage point at Churchill Downs, the roof above the main part of the press boxes (26), which accommodate 225 workers. Elevator (28) to press box was built in 1951, beside Brownie Leach's publicity office (29) in honor

of Buck Weaver, the *Louisville Times* turf writer who died the year it was built. The placing judges (24), below the photo finish man, are Ray Horitz, Charles Triplett and Lawrence Lacey. Below the center press box and extending over Dining Room A is a well-segregated nook known as Room 20, or the Matt Winn Room (27). Admission here is gained by special card issued to about 90 carefully selected out-of-city VIPs. . .

continued

came up from last with a Silkyish run to finish third, beaten four lengths by Jewel's Reward.

**TALENT SHOW**—this gelded bay son of Olympia (whose sons have no great fondness for running the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter) was beaten only by Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward in the Flamingo, but came back to win his last start at Gulfstream. If he can get the distance it will be a distinct surprise.

**LINCOLN ROAD**—his sire, With Pleasure, could run a little and Lincoln Road himself ran a lot in the Florida Derby, when, as a 75-to-1

shot, he at one time led the field by six lengths.

**BELLEAU CHIEF**—earned a trip to the Derby by beating Lincoln Road a neck in the recent Biscayne Bay Handicap at Gulfstream.

Of other hopefuls, such as Benedicto, Count deBlanc, Nouredin, Little Porter, Hillsdale, Redlin S.W., Roman Bow, A Dragon Killer, Flamingo, Coup de Vent, Red Hot Pistol, Ebony Pearl and Jet's Alibi, there may be one or two who, although considered more or less unseasoned in terms of a classic distance race, will probably give it a try.

For the fourth consecutive year **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has asked a representative panel of six experts to give us the benefit of their selective wisdom. Herewith their choices:

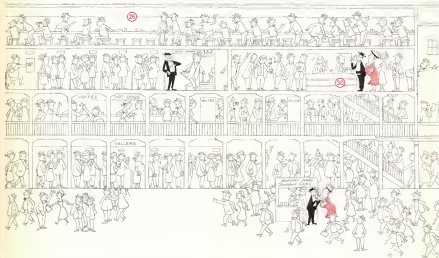
**Bill Lauder, New York Herald Tribune:** Jewel's Reward, Tim Tam, Silky Sullivan.

**Jimmy Burns, Miami Herald:** Tim Tam, Silky Sullivan, Lincoln Road.

**Joe Agrella, Chicago Sun-Times:** Tim Tam, Jewel's Reward, Nadir.

**Nelaceo Fisher, San Diego Union:** Tim Tam, Jewel's Reward, Silky Sullivan.

continued



... There is breathing space as the Colonel and his Lady move down toward the \$50 windows at this end of the clubhouse, where the figures are higher and the lines are shorter. This part of the clubhouse extends an eighth of a mile beyond the finish

line. It was added in 1906. Downs Bar (30) was blocked off the third-floor promenade in '38. The main clubhouse entrance (31) has been moved several times as the stands have been extended. It isn't likely to move again. There is no place else to go—

#### KENTUCKY DERBY *continued*

Kent Hollingsworth, Lexington  
*Leader:* Tim Tam, Nadir, Jewel's Reward.

Oscar Otis, *Morning Telegraph* and  
*Daily Racing Form:* Tim Tam, Silky Sullivan, Jewel's Reward.

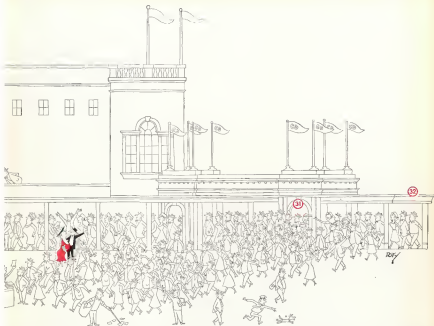
Judging strictly on both past performances and popularity rating, the 84th Kentucky Derby is scheduled to be a showdown between the four big names: Tim Tam, Silky Sullivan, Jewel's Reward and Nadir. Narrowing it down to an even thinner margin, the story may well be of hobo Silky, the flaming red chestnut, conceding perhaps a sixteenth of a mile to the conservative Calumet gentleman, Tim Tam, and then trying to nail him

in that painfully long Downs stretch. Past Derby history is against Silky: charts covering the last 44 Derbies show that only 11 winners have been real come-from-behind horses and none of them was as far back as is Silky's custom (Needles was the trail-inger: 24 lengths while running 16th in a 17-horse field up the backstretch). Some 17 winners were front-runners, while the remaining 16, although not in the lead, were close to the pace.

But any horse who can (as Silky has done) turn in a final quarter in less than 23 seconds should be right in the middle of it at the finish, Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward notwithstanding. "Every once in a while," said Preston Burch, longtime trainer for Brookmeade Stable, the other

day, "a colt comes along with no overwhelming pedigree who—for no apparent reason at all—just runs and can keep on running. It's like once in a while an Abe Lincoln comes out of the woods."

Silky Sullivan may be no Abe Lincoln but he has the leading role in one of the most colorful, dramatic and meaningful spectacles of sport in the U.S. The Kentucky Derby, with its special atmosphere of tension and excitement—a sort of suspense-filled pause in the Thoroughbred racing calendar in which every sports fan can feel at home—is the common denominator which brings together the two-bit participant in the office pool and the wealthy and experienced owners and breeders engaged in racing's



and the over-all plant already is three-eighths of a mile long. It leads to the clubhouse parking area (52). Latecomers—some Derby fans wait until midafternoon to avoid traffic—hurry through the gates. Here and there a dejected early bird, his

hunches all bad, is going home. But not the Colonel and his Lady. They have settled down in a box (below) and will be there until the last hoofbeat echoes from the stables and the setting sun casts its last glimmering glow through the twin steeples



ever-growing billion-dollar industry.

The race itself, not foremost in everyone's opinion as the test of champions, has nonetheless—by careful attachment to tradition and a super job of promotion—done more toward building public confidence in racing than anything this controversial sport has ever known. The horse that wins the Derby must—on the first Saturday in May—give more than 100,000 "live" fans and maybe 50 million others glued to their television screens a demonstration of "combined speed and stamina" which satisfies that most exacting definition of the racetracker.

It could be one of racing's greatest days. But whoever wins, it will be Silky's Derby.

END



**THE LUCKY COLONEL** has a friend who has owned the same box in Section F, third-floor clubhouse (at the finish line), since 1920. There are 3,427 boxes in the clubhouse, and 40,300 seats in the plant. Some 60,000 standees always crowd the infield fences.

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

### BASEBALL GETS THE GRADE A SEAL

Two surprises greeted the arrival of major league baseball in California last week: an unwontedly cordial San Francisco sun and an impressive turnout by the city's ruling society—without whom there would be no Red Cross drive, no opera, no museum, no important civic enterprise, no nothing. These are the merchant princes of San Francisco, with their wives and kinfolk, the men who run the

banks and the real estate and the oil companies and the stores. Most of the people pictured on these two pages belong in this category. In a real sense, they are San Francisco, and several million people living in the Bay Area seem to accept the fact without resentment. Their presence in Seals Stadium underwrites major league ball in San Francisco as no mayor or other local official could.



**CATERED BOX LUNCHES** sustain fashionable Mesdames Emmet Whiteaker and J. Gordon Knapp of Menlo Park, Mrs. A. T. Cook of Atherton and Mrs. LeBaron Biles of Santa Cruz as they relax in the sun to watch Stoscham's Giants make their bow.



**BANKER, WAR HERO** and Harvardman Ferdinand Stent, left, peers over the shoulders of Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. George Montgomery, his wife, whose brother publishes the Chronicle, and Mrs. Kenneth Montague whose husband heads symphony.



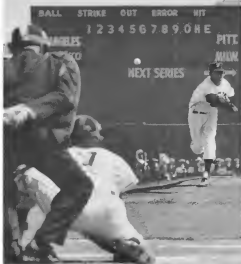
**HISTORY IS MADE** AS CALIFORNIA'S FIRST

**GRAND DAME** of the elite is Steamship Hebrus Lurline Matson Roth, shown with Clarissa Dyer and daughter Bernice.



**PRETTY BLONDE** Mrs. Edwin Wilson and husband are sports fans in the tradition of her father, Flyer Frank Fuller.





MAJOR LEAGUE PITCH IS DELIVERED BY THE GIANTS' RUBEN GOMEZ

**SUBURBAN SUPPORT** is supplied the Giants by two attractive young Hillsborough matrons. On the left is Mrs. McGuire Moore accompanied by Dr. Walter Coulson. On her other side are Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Malarkey.



**GONGOLIES-HATTED** Mrs. Jackson Moffett takes a well-earned rest from rounds of charity committee meetings and welfare fund drives to watch with Bridge Pro Ray Schweiner as the home team launches a drive or two.



**SPORTS GOODS KING** Robert Ross, a top U.S. amateur golfer, switches loyalty to introduce his eager son and wife Shirley to local big league ball.



**WHITE-SUITED** Dick Gump enjoys double distinction as boss of his city's best-known oyster & shell store and author of best-selling book on good taste.



**NOB HILL**, cradle of local aristocracy, is still home to parents of Mrs. Marian Miller Davis, here with Movie Star Joseph Cotten and Mrs. Alfred Duato.

**CONTINUED**



A CHILLY NIGHT replaced the balmy day, and a cruel fate gave the Dodgers a 13-1 victory in the Giants' second game as one

San Francisco fan huddled disconsolately under a blanket and Wes Westrum, the ex-catcher who is now bullpen coach,



protected himself against the unruly elements in an unusual but very necessary piece of Giant football-type equipment.

# THEN . . . FARCE IN THE COLISEUM

Photographs by Richard Mersh

MAJOR LEAGUE baseball's Los Angeles inaugural was, in most ways, an unqualified success. In three days 167,299 people poured into the vast Coliseum to see and be seen (page 22), including a record opening-day throng of 78,672 on Friday. The sun smiled through a haze and the Dodgers won. The baseball played, both good and bad, was nearly all exciting. But casting its dappled shadow over the field and the fans and the players, in fact threatening to cast a shadow over all baseball, was **THE THING**: a screen 42 feet high which is supposed to help nullify the absurdity of a 250-foot left field foul line. Viewed here from the chummy vantage point of those fans who will sit behind it (they are closer to home plate than the left fielder in most big league parks), the screen is built of woven wire mesh and is suspended from two poles 140 feet apart, resembling nothing quite so much as the Brooklyn Bridge. Perhaps this is fitting, but it is also a colossal farce. Pop flies to the outfield, as this one bit in a late inning on opening day by a Glant batsman, are in constant danger of suddenly becoming home runs. In the second game alone there were five homers hit over the monstrosity, and if Ruth's fabulous 60 dies because of the left field line in L.A., the Commissioner of Baseball—or maybe the President of the United States—should lift a staying hand. Conversely, well-hit line drives, which might really be home runs or at least doubles and conceivably triples in other parks, thud into the mesh and fall to become singles—or even outs, if the batter is foolish enough to test the fielder's arm on such a suicidally short throw by trying for second. The



O'MALLEY'S LEFT-FIELD SCREEN MAKES EASY HOMERS OUT OF PIDDLING POP FLIES

screen would be enough, but the screen is not all. Because the great stadium rises 79 rows into the sky, some 196 feet above street level, without an overhanging top, there is nothing but a bright glare of white shirts and summer dresses facing the fielders all day long. Balls streaking

off the bat are only a blur until they rise above the stadium rim and, before the season is over, there may be as many errors as home runs. Baseball may be good for Los Angeles and Los Angeles may be good for baseball—but both will be better off when they get baseball out of the Coliseum.

CONTINUED



HOLLYWOOD HIGH JINKS GREET DODGERS



MINUS OIGAN, THE O'MALLEY HIMSELF GOES NATIVE IN SENAPO AND SOMBRERO



CELEBRITIES GALORE, including Edward G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Danny Kaye, Nat King Cole, Dinah Shore and Sam



Goldwyn turned up on opening day and at a special banquet earlier to make the O'Malley boys from Brooklyn feel at home.



MEANWHILE, ORDINARY FOLK JAMMED THE COLISEUM BLEACHERS TO JEER AND CHEER ALMOST LIKE THOSE AT EBBETS FIELD







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The shirts . . . in vigorous red, navy, light blue, with sea-goin' signal flag motif. Cool as an ocean spray. The slacks and shorts . . . in most-wanted salt-white for contrast. And what

comfort! Sport shirts, \$4; swimwear, \$4; (both of lightweight Kennell fabrics); Slacks, \$6.75; shorts, \$5; (of superior duck). See *Bosun's Mates Coordinates* by Van Heusen.



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(or, driving is fun again)



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# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## First Bounces

TO one small, grim group of fact-minded fans it matters little who tosses out the first ball at the start of the baseball season; what really matters is who tosses out the first ballplayer.

For those whose main interest is in the umpire's thumb, we are happy to report that the four-man team of judges headed by Umpire Frank Dascoli, last year's leading bouncers, got off to a fine start by throwing two ballplayers (Alvin Dark and Herm Wehmeier) and one manager (Fred Hutchinson) out of games in the first week of National League play. Among competing umpires elsewhere: no bounces yet.

## Holds and Handshakes

THE phonographic recording of the Soviet national anthem, *Hymn of the Soviet Union*, was played over the public address system at the wrong speed and came out sounding rather like a lilting Irish jig, but the odd rendering had no visible effect on the Russian wrestlers, who were in New York last week for their farewell match with the Americans. And Russian Ambassador Mikhail A. Menshikov, who attended with his wife, and members of the Soviet delegation to the U.N. also kept their musical composure and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

They were part of the biggest crowd—1,400—ever to gather in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club, where in the past a crowd of 100 wrestling fans was considered good. Many who came chiefly because of curiosity about live Russians were caught by the interest of the sport itself and were surprised to find that international freestyle

wrestling can be exciting to watch.

The Soviet team won its last series of matches as it had won in Oklahoma (SI, April 21). The over-all totals for the visit were 23 Russian victories, three losses and six draws. With competition out of the way, the Russians turned to sightseeing and last-minute shopping in Manhattan. Their choice of capitalist consumer goods might seem odd to most Americans: many of them stocked up on medicines. They bought liquids, pills and pow-

ders, antibiotics and patent medicines. One man described his father-in-law's symptoms to an American acquaintance and then asked what sort of medication he should buy to effect a cure.

By the time the wrestlers were ready to board their Russia-bound plane, something like a spring migration between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. was well under way. In Moscow, a 23-year-old Texan named

*continued*



"To sleep: perchance to dream. . ."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Van Cliburn had just won an international competition for young pianists and Russian cheers for his playing. In New York, Russia's Moiseyev dance company, whose artists are as perfectly conditioned as athletes, was playing to sold-out houses. Russian weight lifters were preparing to set out for the United States to compete in New York and Chicago, and American basketball players, both men and women, were getting set to fly to the Soviet Union. On a people-to-people basis, Russians and Americans were getting along fine.

There hadn't been such an exchange of handshakes and good will since the troops of General Courtney Hodges met the troops of Marshal Ivan Koneff on the Elbe just 13 springs ago.

### *The Name Is East Indian*

WHILE there is enough excitement already bubbling up about this year's Kentucky Derby (see page 8), we would just like to tell you that, true to tradition, Churchill Downs is planning to run another one in 1959. While the chances of telling you who is going to win that one are about 7,000 to 1 at the present time, we would like to give you the name of a little horse to keep your eyes on in the 12 months ahead.

The name is East Indian, the first

son of Native Dancer ever to get to the race track. He came out last Saturday at Jamaica, six years to the day exactly, as Native Dancer did. Naturally, when race followers saw his name on the program they crowded to the paddock for a look. He is a rich bay, with almond eyes and a quiet manner, and he runs in the white and blue of Circle M Farm. One man standing in the paddock said, "You know with horses it's different than with people. The great Thoroughbreds always seem to produce fine sons. The breeding is the thing. Somehow I think that's the reason why there is so little juvenile delinquency among horses."

East Indian's first race was at five furlongs, just as Native Dancer's had been. He carried the same weight as did the Dancer, 118 pounds. And while East Indian won by only two and one-quarter lengths as against Native Dancer's four and one-half, he was only  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a second behind his father's time. Eric Guerin, the little veteran who also rode Native Dancer, rode East Indian.

"He runs just like his daddy," said Guerin later. "Nice and low to the ground. He's playful and alert. Riding him is just like sitting in a rocking chair. I never had to hit him. He just did the work by himself. It's the biggest thrill I've had since his daddy retired."

### *They Said It*

**JIMMY STEED**, longtime caddy (and frequent club selector) for Sammy Sneed, as unquoted at the Greensboro (N.C.) Open: "When he's right, nobody can beat that man." Caddy Steed's correction: "When I'm right, nobody can beat that man."

**MERIYAN TSALKALAMANIDZE**, visiting Russian wrestler, when asked how to pronounce his surname: "Just say it the way it's spelled."

**BILLY CONN**, former light-heavyweight champion, on the best challenger for Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson: "Throw 20 names in a hat, and pick anybody. They're all the same—they ain't any good."

**COLUMNIST RED SMITH** on the Los Angeles Coliseum's short left field and its effect on baseball: "These performers dress like ball players, look like ball players, wolf airfoils and pinch waitresses like ball players, but that story about Walter O'Malley bringing big league ball to Southern California is pure fiction, the greatest hoax since Orson Welles' Martians."

### *On Deposit at Frankfort*

KENTUCKY DERBY EDITORS are the most frivolous improvers of the breed on earth," says Dean Eagle, sports editor of the *Louisville Times*. This is not just a frivolous generality spouted over a julep or two, for Mr. Eagle, a curious man, has studied the habits of Derby plungers, who, through ignorance, negligence or nostalgia, preserve or discard scores of redeemable Derby pari-mutual tickets every year.

A close check has been kept on uncashed Derby tickets since 1933, when they were made reportable to the state by law, and since that time a million dollars' worth have not been turned in. This indicates, according to Mr. Eagle's figures, that the Derby bettor is six and a half times as bemused or sentimental as the average racing fan. If the uncashed Derby ticket rate of \$4 per thousand were applied to the nation at large, unredeemed bets would amount to \$9 million annually, Mr. Eagle adds with wonder.

Kentucky law requires that money from uncashed tickets be turned over to the state after two years. Churchill Downs holds the records, however, and upon presentation of a ticket gives the bettor an order to the State Treasurer at Frankfort. Tickets more than a year old are rarely presented, but track officials are occasionally called upon to check a stack of tickets to help settle an estate.

The most valuable ticket on the books is a \$50 win ticket on Assault, the 1946 Derby winner, which is worth \$460. The least valuable is a \$1 show ticket on Bimelech, at \$1.20 (Churchill Downs sold \$1 tickets in 1940).

An evidence of souvenir hunters is the large number of uncashed tickets on Citation, the first million-dollar winner. Two hundred sixty-four \$2 tickets on Old Cy have never been redeemed; nor have 42 \$5 tickets, seven \$10 tickets and four \$50 tickets. The complexities of field betting account for Count Turf's being the Derby winner with the most unclaimed money—\$5,535 is still outstanding on him. Count Turf ran as part of a field along with Phil D., Pur Sang, King Clover

and Fighting Back in 1951. Many bettors who wagered on these horses undoubtedly did not realize that they could cash their tickets on Count Turf.

Not so easily explained is the 1946 Derby, says Mr. Eagle. A tidy \$4,947.60 is still out on Assault. Assault was not in the field nor was he part of an entry. Bold Venture, Assault's sire, won in 1936, but his backers were not so eager for expensive mementos. Not a single win ticket is unaccounted for on Bold Venture, although \$354.90 worth of other tickets on him remain uncashed. Iron Liege, the 1957 winner, is third in uncashed tickets, with \$5,999.70 still unpaid. And Broker's Tip, who won from Head Play in a riotous stretch duel in 1933, has the least money out, a piddling \$237.70.

The only certain way to obtain a souvenir ticket on a Derby winner is to bet every mount in the race. Mr. Eagle has done some furious calculating here and discovered that a flat \$2 wager on every Derby starter since pari-mutuels were established in 1903 would have netted a profit of \$68.58 on an investment of \$994. A \$2 bet, on the other hand, on every favorite in that period would have netted only \$8.64 and the privilege of hearing *My Old Kentucky Home* played 55 times.

## New Business

WHEN I FOUNDED the Animal Insurance Company of America last July," says New Yorker Milton Weiss, a fast-talking insurance broker with 27 years' experience behind him and enough imagination for a dozen men, "everyone said I'd gone to the



dogs. Sometimes I wondered myself. But let's face it. Dogs are valuable property. Nobody thinks twice about insuring an automobile. Why not dogs?

"Forget the purchase price and just consider the costs of food, medi-

cal attention, maintenance and training. Then take an animal that's winning money on the show circuits or bringing it in at field trials or stud. So he dies. Even if the owner isn't out an income, he's out burial fees, his original investment and the cost of replacing a friend.

"With the big money earners, it's even worse," says Weiss. "Take this hot-shot miniature poodle that died a few years ago at the peak of a theatrical career any movie star would envy. His death was front-page news. In one year that poodle had racked up \$11,000 in stud fees, not to mention a staggering income from fashion modeling, TV and public appearances. His owner lost more than man's best friend. He lost the best business asset he'd ever had. What could he do about it? Nothing.

"The Animal Insurance Company of America has changed all that," Weiss says with pride. "Dogs are big business in this country, so insurance makes sense. Nine months ago I started with an insurance ceiling of \$5,000. Now I've raised it to \$13,000 and dropped the medical examination requirements on dogs insured for \$500 or less. All the owner has to do is establish the value of his dog, either by bill of sale, stud earnings, show winnings or in any number of ways. For

\$8 per \$100 he gets complete coverage. It's just like life insurance on people. We cover any dog from six months to nine years which dies by any cause but poisoning. Poisoning's too complicated, so we don't cover that.

"Most important," says Weiss, "we've already established ourselves as an outfit that pays off fast and fair. Take this German shepherd that was hit by a car this winter. His owner only took out the policy two days before the accident, but we paid the claim right away. That even made the *New York Times*."

To avoid confusion among clients, the Animal Insurance Company of America provides handy nose-print kits to all prospective insurance applicants. Packaged in a cellophane container, the kit contains a pad saturated with harmless dye which is applied to the dog's nose. The dog then puts his nose print on the application, a means of identification, according to Weiss, which is as distinctive and foolproof as the human fingerprint.

"The prospects are great," beams Weiss, "because any dog worth owning is worth insuring. As a matter of fact, that's true of all pets. Right now I'm working on a big program for cats."

*continued*



*John D. Sullivan*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

### An Unusual Customer

ON APRIL 13 Joie Ray, a steelworker and gladiolus fancier, celebrated his 64th birthday by running a mile at the University of Illinois.

"I'm stiff as a board," said Joie afterward. "I guess I got going too fast." Fast indeed, Joie's time was a sprightly 5:52.

The mile run is an annual birthday event for Joie. It began three years ago when Dr. Thomas Cureton, head of the physical fitness laboratory at Illinois, was scouting around for an elderly former track star to test in a continuing study of the cardiovascular systems of athletes. His search ended when he found Chesty Joie, an eight-time National AAU mile champion and three-time Olympian who had tied the indoor mile record of 4:12 in 1925.

The morning of Joie's 61st birthday, he finished his eight-hour trick at the Gary (Ind.) plant of U.S. Steel and went to bed. Twenty minutes later, Cureton was at the door to take him to the university. "I found the functional condition of his heart better than normal," Cureton recalled the other day. "His muscles had a very unusual tone for a man of his age. He's an unusual customer."

Joie did not run a complete mile that day, for Dr. Cureton had put him through 128 tests, and Joie was plumb tuckered out. On his 62nd birthday Joie, who had trained for three months on a punching bag and cut down on fried foods, ran the mile in 6:23.4. On his 63rd birthday, despite a dislocated cuboid bone in his left foot, he ran it in 6:26.

Before this year's race, Cureton examined Joie and was pleasantly surprised. "Joie has a bigger stroke to his heart than most people," said Cureton. "His pulse wave is a long stroke and showed up decidedly better this year than in the past three." Cureton found that the height of Joie's T-wave, which he says tends to decrease with age and in sedentary men of Joie's years sometimes reaches a high of only two millimeters, was seven and one-half millimeters. In 1957 it was only four millimeters.

"He just took it in stride," marveled Cureton after the race. "He wasn't even gasping. Joie works hard

at the mill, he works outside in his garden and this helps him keep his muscle tone. Joie proves that more, not less, exercise is the answer to good health for a lot of aging people."

Said juvenescent Joie: "Next year I'm going to do the mile under five minutes. I'm going to take off 10 pounds and train a little better. I haven't felt better in years—except for these sore calves."

### A Round in 78

YOU'RE an experienced caddie and you've heard a lot of stories, so it doesn't surprise you too much when this Easterner you've never seen before joins the foursome with three of your regulars one day and tells you, when you ask him about his game, "I never take more than 78 strokes."

Well, the caddie who passes on this story to us sees his new friend bogey the 1st hole, double-bogey the 2nd, goof to an adding-machine figure on the 3rd (a water hole) and struggle across the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th like a combination of the early Lewis and Clark boys and Wrong Way Corrigan. So at the 12th the caddie says, "Excuse me, sir, but you'll be 78 going off the tee."

And the thing our caddie will never forget is the fellow's answer, smooth as you please: "Ah, thank you, caddie. You can slip the driver in the bag, and I'll see you at the clubhouse. It's just a personal rule—never take more than 78."



### Golf as Gourmet

Deep though his divots,  
Pierre never ruffles;  
He finds relaxation  
And, often, some truffles.

—A. R. FONTENOT

### The Fourth Voice

PARTLY, it must be confessed, because we enjoy having our voice recognized as *basso profundo* but also because we think they are worth repeating, this magazine makes no bones about calling attention to some words concerning us that were spoken by the Rev. Frederick B. Speakman, pastor of Pittsburgh's Third Presbyterian Church. More or less ad-libbed at a college get-together last winter, these words have since become a kind of gospel in the University of Pittsburgh athletic department.

Parson Speakman began by confessing his own early indignation at a prayer that fairly reeked of the locker room. "My hackles went up from the start," he said, "at hearing God addressed as Coach." Yet, said the burly reverend, who admits to being a "compulsive" Pirate fan, by the time "the amen came to this extraordinary recital of sweat-shirt and Charley-horse piety," he himself had undergone a change of heart. "Literarily it was ridiculous. Liturgically it was absurd. Yet it made living sense to those who heard it. A kind of sense I had missed for the moment because I had forgotten what we all too often only dimly sense: the deep instinctive analogy between most any great athletic event and life itself. There are truths about us and life and the living of it at which our minds blunder and fumble but which become unmistakably plain when we put them in terms of some great game. It is no accident that the masters of human speech from St. Paul to Winston Churchill have carved incomparable phrases from the games of their day. For disciplined participation in, or even intelligent attention to, a great competitive sport can be a short course in life itself."

What people have enjoyed and found meaningful from earliest times, concluded Parson Speakman (and here we take our bow), "remains so appealing in the harried, hectic twentieth century that LIFE, TIME and FORTUNE magazines decided they couldn't do justice to it just in passing, that they must have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED singing bass in their journalistic quartet."



# JAMES D. NORRIS HANGS UP HIS GLOVES



THIS FAMILIAR FACE ON THE TV SCREEN NOW FADES OUT AS NORRIS QUILTS THE IBC

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE has been the fate of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) for the past year. So now you have seen that picture on your TV screen, and heard that title called from the ring, for the last time. It's Truman K. Gibson Jr., president, from here on out.

Since September, when he was stricken with a heart attack after a shrill bargaining session with Sugar Ray Robinson, there has been good reason to expect that Jim Norris would resign his command, once his affairs were in order. They are now perhaps more disorderly than ever, but last week Norris resigned anyhow.

Pressures no cardiac patient should ask himself to withstand have been building up.



TRUMAN GIBSON JR. ASSUMES NEW ROLE

A Supreme Court hearing which may end in the dissolution of the Norris empire is pending.

Norris' No. 1 matchmaker, Billy Brown, and IBC records were subpoenaed for examination by a New York grand jury which is investigating boxing. Norris has stayed out of range of the grand jury's subpoena power. His successor, Gibson, has been concerned mainly with IBC affairs outside New York, hence would have less to tell the grand jury.

The heavyweight situation has disintegrated. The myth that justice required Eddie Machen to fight Champion Floyd Patterson, which would have called for capitulation by Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato, was exposed by none other than Machen in a lusterless draw with Zora Folley a couple of weeks ago.

Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana has been accusing the IBC on the floor of Congress, crying that a fighter's only hope of success today is to go "the International Boxing Club way—the shake-down way." There was a quick denial from Gibson, along with a deft thrust at Louisiana's segregation law. The lightweight title fight between Joe Brown, Negro champion, and Ralph Dupas, white challenger, was forced out of New Orleans to Houston, Gibson pointed out, though both are New Orleans men.

An anonymous manager and Cus D'Amato, who is never anonymous, were poled on Stillman's Stoop.

"He wanted to get out before the going got rough," said the member of Managers Anonymous. "He's always had a heart disease. Now, all of a sudden his heart. Why didn't he quit when he went to the hospital? That would have been a good time. Things must be percolating, getting too damn hot. So he sets up Truman; the same thing."

"So long as they control television boxing," D'Amato announced, "they control boxing. So long as there's no competition, it's the same IBC. So unless the situation changes to permit competition Patterson won't fight for the IBC."

Gibson, a University of Chicago law school graduate, where he was a participant in football and track, is a suavely poised executive who, with Joe Louis, helped organize the IBC for Norris in 1949. Gibson is a splendid choice for the job. For a time he was income tax consultant to Joe Louis Enterprises and thus is accustomed to dealing with the more insoluble problems of our time.

Gibson may feel, like Winston Churchill, that he did not become Norris' prime minister to preside over the dissolution of an empire, but even Gibson recognizes that this may be his fate. He is a lawyer, an astute man, and he preserves a certain balance in his view of the world.

"We are continuing under our present setup," Gibson said, "until the Supreme Court makes a ruling."

That seems to be the crux of it.

# THE CORMORANT OF FRANKIE LAINE

by MELVIN DURLAG

**At Las Vegas this week Defending Champion Gene Littler will be out to catch some more fish for his sponsor**

THERE is an old and skilful sport called cormorant fishing which the Japanese have been practicing for centuries. The cormorant trainer fastens a ring snugly around the neck of the bird and dispatches it to scoop from the sea, and bring back whole, any fish it can locate. The cormorant never swallows the catch. The ring sees to that. The bird merely takes whatever scraps the trainer volunteers.

Singer Frankie Laine has, in a sense, a cormorant working for him at the annual Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas. For the past three years, Laine has bought Golfer Gene Littler in the extracurricular Calcutta pool, and each time Gene has returned faithfully with the "fish"—a haul worth \$237,663.

Though Littler, like the cormorant, can't help himself to any of the Calcutta catch, he has been rewarded by Laine with a total of \$25,000 in cash, plus a new Thunderbird. This is in addition to the \$10,000 first prize he has taken from the tournament each year.

This week Laine plans to send Littler forth again at Las Vegas, which hosts the world's most exclusive golf event. Participation is limited to winners of PGA-sponsored tournaments during the previous 12 months and to the Las Vegas defending champion.

Perhaps half the gallery doesn't know a par from a 10 the hard way. They are transients from the gaming rooms who are lured into the sun by the prospect of action. They'll bet on anything. The seventh hole, for in-

stance, is a 221-yard par 3 whose green is partly blocked by a half-moon of water. Standard odds are 2 to 1 that the tee shot doesn't make the green. One will get you four that the ball lands in the water. A price of 6 to 5 was once posted that club-busting Tommy Bolt wouldn't finish a certain round with the regulation 14 clubs in his bag. Tommy surprisingly did. (The next day he finished with only 12.)

The side bets, however, are still incidental to the kibitzers' interest in the Calcutta pool. Each time a player raises his club, he is swinging for two people—himself and the guy who buys him in the Calcutta, which last year amounted to the staggering sum of \$265,650.

A Calcutta pool is essentially an auction at which each golfer entered in the tournament is sold to the highest bidder. At Las Vegas 10% is removed from the pool for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund and the rest of the money is distributed on the basis of order-of-finish, with 40% going to the person buying the winner. The

## NEW FIELD, PAST PRICES

PLAYER	PRICE	YEAR
JIMMY DEMARET	\$19,000	1957
DOUG FORD	17,500	1957
GENE LITTLER	16,500	1958
ARNOLD PALMER	16,000	1957
BILLY CASPER	11,500	1957
DUTCH HARRISON	9,500	1954
TOMMY BOLT	9,500	1958
BILLY MAXWELL	9,500	1957
CARLTON DICKINSON	8,500	1956
DICK MAYER	8,000	1957
AL BESSELINK	5,500	1954
ED OLIVER	5,500	1954
FRANK STRANAHAN	4,500	1958
WALTER BURREHO	4,500	1954
GEORGE BAYER	?	DEBUT
ROBERTO DE VINCENZO	?	"
PAUL HARNEY	?	"
LIONEL HERBERT	?	"
HOWIE JOHANSON	?	"
BILL JOHNSTON	?	"
STAN LEONARD	?	"
KEN VENTURI	?	"

Twenty-two champions are entered in the 1958 tournament, eight of them for the first time. The best Calcutta prices of previous competitors are shown here. Sam Snead, who was bought for a record \$20,000 in 1954, withdrew from the competition this year.



LAINE AND LITTLER proudly display golden golf balls in Gene Littler Room of Frankie's Beverly Hills home. The cabinet holds other mementos of Gene's victories.

balance is divided up among the next six places.

In the last three tournaments the winner has been Littler, purchased in the Calcutta each time by Laine, who has collected, respectively, \$72,900, \$69,120 and \$95,643. Seats are distinctly at a premium in Las Vegas on Calcutta auction night. The golfers are put on the block in the nightclub of the Desert Inn, which sponsors the tournament. Ordinarily, most of the bidding is done by recognized plungers on the Las Vegas strip, but occasionally strange money shows. Frankie Laine's for example.

At the time in 1955 that Frankie received an invitation to help sell golfers at the tournament Calcutta, he was puzzled.

"I'm a Sunday hacker who shoots 95, not counting the misses," he says. "I didn't know a Calcutta pool from a Bombay duck. When I got to Vegas, someone explained it was an auction. My wife, Nan, said to me, 'Sounds like fun, honey. Let's buy

Gene Littler. I saw his wife's picture in the paper this morning.'"

It was Mrs. Laine's impression that golfers sold for \$200 or \$300.

"Littler didn't seem like a bad idea," Frankie reasoned. "He was registered out of Palm Springs. I figured he must know something about playing in the desert."

(What Laine didn't know was that Littler, while representing the Thunderbird Country Club in Palm Springs, rarely played there.)

The opening bid on Littler at the Calcutta was \$10,000, tendered by a local roller named Morris Kleinman, at whose table Laine was a guest. Frankie stood up and, in strangled tones, bid \$10,500. His friends were stricken dumb. One whispered, "We'd better send for some cold compresses. Frankie's flipped."

Laine isn't famous in Hollywood for his extravagance. He remembers, perhaps too vividly, the times in Chicago when his Sicilian immigrant father brought home \$25 a week from

his barber shop to support a wife and seven children. That, of course, was before the day of the \$2 haircut.

Kleinman raised his bid on Littler to \$11,000, and Frankie, now entering into the spirit of the evening, quickly countered with \$11,500. Laine recalls, "Kleinman laughed and said to me, 'You're bluffing, you dago.' I answered, 'Don't stop me now, Morris. I'm hot.'"

After Kleinman went to \$12,000, a third party popped into the picture and bid \$12,500, whereupon Laine chirped, "\$13,000!" The gavel came down. "Sold," said the auctioneer.

"When the excitement was over," says Frankie, "and I sat there writing my check, I began to realize what had happened. I said to myself, 'What have I done! I've never gambled in my life, except for five bucks on a horse!'"

When Laine, visibly shaken, walked out of the room, he met his wife. "She flashed a big smile when I told her I had bought Littler," he says. "Then she asked, 'How much?' I answered, 'Thirteen thou.' She almost fainted."

By the end of the third round, Littler had streaked to a 10-stroke lead over the field. "A guy walked up to me the morning of the final round," says Laine, "and offered to buy Gene for \$70,000 cash. He was willing to take the gamble, just to win \$2,900. Not knowing what I was doing, I turned him down. Little did I realize that a pro golfer could go sour and easily blow 11 strokes. In fact, on the third round—I discovered afterward—Mike Souchak blew to a 79 while Littler took a 68."

Gene, however, didn't falter on the last round, but fattened his lead, instead, to win the tournament by 13 strokes with an 8-under-par 280, a Las Vegas record.

As a result of this runaway, the price on Littler went up the following year. Laine bought him for \$16,500. Superstitious, like many entertainers, Frankie reconstructed every move he had made the previous year, even to his exact moment of retirement at 2:40 a.m., after reading Chapter 7 from *The Power of Positive Thinking*, entitled, "Expect the Best and Get It."

As Littler walked to the first tee the following afternoon, Frankie repeated his admonition of the year before, "Each time you bring down that club, son, say to yourself, 'I believe'" (from the Laine record of the

continued on page 39

# The Feudal Trout of Bavaria

THE SUN WAS RISING over the Alps to the southeast as we started down the Salzburg Autobahn from Munich. It was a warm July morning, and a thin veil of mist partially hid the mountain peaks. The mist was a good sign, for it meant that there would be no foehn—that strange, enervating wind from the Sahara which spills over the northern slopes of the Alps and drives the natives to drink—and sometimes to murder.

Our fishing tackle was piled in the back seat of the Volkswagen which my host drove. Dressed in a short, loose-fitting, Bavarian jacket with large bone buttons and wearing a pointed Tyrolean hat, he looked as though he had seldom been off the farm. In fact, however, he was a widely traveled fisherman and had waded up the trout streams of more than one continent.

"You'll not find our fishing like that of Canada or Oregon," he told me. "We use Volkswagens instead of pack horses and we don't go in for tents, campfires and balsam beds. Our trout are seldom over five pounds, but they're always good for a fight. After all," he added, "there's no such thing as a second-class trout."

An hour south of Munich we turned up into the mountains to the south. A few minutes later we drew up at the foot of a narrow stone bridge leading across a dried-up moat to the gate of a small 14th-century castle. In one corner of the high stone wall which encircled it rose a sturdy, square tower looking out across blue pine forests and brilliant green mountain meadows. At the foot of the tower ran a broad mountain stream.

A heavy-set Bavarian with a spectacular black beard was waiting for us in the castle's gateway. He was wearing a green, scarlet-trimmed uniform of a game warden. Cocked at an angle on his head was his green mountaineer's hat, the brim of which was turned down rakishly on one side so that it hid half his face. From the brim a long chamois brush curved gracefully over his shoulder. He came forward, raised his hat and swept it almost to his feet as he bowed and greeted us with the traditional fisherman's salute: "*Petri Heil!*"

We doffed our hats and repeated the greeting.

*continued*

**Alpine troutling is an ageless ritual  
set among castles and crags that  
have shadowed centuries of anglers**

by CHARLES W. THAYER



ANGLING AUTHOR Charles Thayer casts in a quiet pool beneath the steeples of Pertusstein Castle.

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**BAVARIAN BURGHER** Mikhail Rkounil and Fran Rkounil cast for Seesnibling off ancient St. Bartholomä inn.

**AMERICAN AMBASSADOR** David Bruce skillfully nets trout from quiet waters of the Berchtesgaden Achse.





Then, standing rigidly at attention, his hat pressed to his side, he reported as a soldier might to his commanding officer:

"Yesterday's high water subsided during the night. The river is normal and the water is clear—almost too clear. The trout have been rising since dawn. It is recommended to fish the upper river this morning and the castle stretch later in the day."

My host tipped his hat again in acknowledgment and led the way through the castle courtyard, up a wide ceremonial staircase, along a vaulted gallery and into what had once been the castle's great hall. Though it had been uninhabited for several generations, its gaily painted baroque ceilings and the polished 20-inch planks on the floor were dry and sound. He led me to a window looking out across the sunlit meadows where brown-and-white spotted cows were grazing. In the background the slender spire of a village church rose like a needle point against the dark pine forest beyond.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a look at our brutes first," he said and pointed down to the river flowing under the walls. A dam just below the castle formed a large, quiet millpond, and in its clear water we could easily see a score of huge fish swimming languidly 40 feet below us. At first I thought they must be some form of big carp one often finds in the moats of Bavarian castles. But then one rose to snatch at a passing insect, and I spotted the adipose fin of the trout family.

"Rainbows," my host explained. "My grandfather brought them from America 70 years ago. After lunch we'll see if they're any more obliging toward their compatriots than they are to us Germans."

Behind me the warden chuckled grimly.

"They won't rise to anyone's fly," he muttered.

We returned to the courtyard, pulled on our waders and walked down to the water through a low postern gate.

Above the castle the river wound between thick walls of alder and willow. Wading through the comparatively shallow water we soon came on a pool where several big brook trout were feeding. Well-fed and fat, they were not too keen for our flies, but after a little experimenting we found the kind they liked, and soon we

were both busily wrestling with angry trout leaping, diving and streaking through the clear water. Within an hour, 20 of them were thrashing about in the water of the metal creel which the warden carried as he stalked along behind us. "Don't think the big ones under the castle are as easy to hook," he warned me.

Farther upstream we came to a rocky ravine through which the water tumbled noisily over giant boulders. Here in the deeper pools we spotted several long, silvery grayling—the cunningest of all the trout family. For them only the most perfect dry cast had any effect. And if once they rose to a fly and rejected it you could be sure they'd never take it again, no matter how often or how well you served it. But if one struck, you could also be sure of a first-rate fight, for the grayling is the gamest of all trout in Bavarian waters. It is also the rarest, for it is exceedingly sensitive to handling and can neither be transported nor raised in hatcheries.

#### AN ABANDONED CHALET

The hot July sun and the heavy going through the rocky river were beginning to wear us down when we rounded a bend in the river and all at once found ourselves in front of a little mountain chalet standing on a grassy knoll surrounded by forest. Curious, we clambered up the bank and rested in the shade of its wide eaves. Its windows were shuttered now, but even in its abandoned state, sitting snugly in the forest clearing under its low spreading roof, it had a warm, hospitable air about it.

We sat down on the front step, lit cigarettes and looked out across the stream to a wide meadow beyond and the forest beyond it. In the distance, the snow-covered peaks of the Austrian and Bavarian Alps glittered in the sun against the hazy, blue horizon.

"The man who chose this spot had an eye for landscape," my host remarked admiringly.

"He was an artist," the warden broke in. "Not a very good one, they say, but he once painted a picture of Hitler. With the money he got for it he started to build this. But then his funds ran out and he never finished it." He pointed to the beams above us designed to support a balcony that had never been built.

"The house that Hitler's portrait built," my host laughed.

After finishing our cigarettes we started off again.

Three miles above the castle, my host called a halt. The next stretch, he said, was reserved for raising trout, which he sold to the state hatchery at Königssee near Berchtesgaden. Throughout the summer, he explained, a team of fishermen drag the river with a net and ship their live catch to the hatchery.

We watched the fishermen working for a while, but then our appetites got the better of us and we trudged back to the castle.

There in the great hall the warden's wife had set up a table beside the window overlooking the millpond. As we ate our lunch of fried fish and *Selzkartoffel*, we stared avidly at the big monsters lolling in the sun-drenched water directly below us. Impatient to get at them, we quickly finished our meal and scrambled down to the river.

A narrow pebble beach formed the riverbank opposite the castle, but it dropped off sharply as we waded toward the pool where the big rainbows were feeding. When the water reached the top of my hip boots I tried to cast across, but my best effort fell several yards short. While I struggled to get out more line, the warden dragged an ancient flat-bottomed oarless skiff from the reeds of the bank. Pushing it by the stern, he waded out until the tip of his black beard was almost dabbling in the cold water.

I cast again from the bow of the skiff. The fly on the backcast whistled perilously close to the warden's ear, but he stood unflinching. Finally I managed to place a Blue Dun just upstream from the school. As it floated serenely over their heads, one of them rose, sniffed indifferently and sank back into deep water. A dozen more casts aroused even less interest.

"What did I tell you?" the warden muttered gloomily.

From the shore my host watched, grinning. "They don't grow that old and fat by being stupid," he laughed. "But keep it up. Sometimes one of them makes a mistake." After a few more casts I switched to a French fly grandly called *Monsieur le President*, which a friend had sent me from Paris.

As it hit the water two of the smaller giants darted upward, and the one in the lead, without waiting to sniff, grabbed it. In a moment the bucolic tranquility of the millpond had vanished as the angry fish leaped and thrashed in the water. After several

*continued on page 60*

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## Souped-up sailers

**Hottest hulls on the Seven Seas today are the fast and unpredictable planing sailboats**

**P**RACTICALLY every sailor who has ever been left slatting around in the monoxide backwash of a powerboat has on occasion wished violently for just enough speed to sizzle up to the fellow and say a few words. Short of attaching rockets, his best bet today is to invest in a planing sailboat. The planers are light, tough little craft that can make anywhere from 12 to 25 mph, more than enough for an owner to occasionally enjoy the altogether lovely sensation of leaving a gas-burner behind.

Almost as surprising, a good planer will take a cruising yacht three times its length with no trouble at all. Until recently one of the unshakable axioms of sailboat design had been that the bigger the boat, the faster she goes. This natural law of sailing was first turned topsy-turvy by an English naval architect named Uffa Fox. Fox, a man noted for his unorthodoxies, claims to get most of his ideas while ruminating in the bath. (Once, in answer to a request for Fox's portrait from a highly respectable publication, the architect sent along a photograph which showed him reclining, Archimedeslike, in his tub.)

Whether Fox got his idea for the planing hull in the tub or not, he first tried it back in 1928 on a class of small 14-foot dinghies known as the International 14. The 14s were a clubby little bunch who had just gotten around to standardizing their hull design somewhat when Fox decided to crack the class.

Fox took the basic design, refined it, sharpened the bow and flattened the lines aft. He named the result *Arenger*. It was an apt name. *Arenger* was nothing less than a new and somewhat fearsome concept in sailing.

The big-boats-beat-small-boats

rule was based on the fact that every boat underway creates a bow wave and a stern wave. As a law of physics, it is impossible for such a two-wave system to travel much faster than 1.6 times the square root of the distance between the two crests (which is the same distance as the boat's waterline length). So every conventional sailboat was caught in a trap of its own making as far as top speed was concerned. Any attempt to pile on canvas and increase the speed beyond the natural maximum resulted in bigger and higher bow and stern waves whose drag nullified the added power.

The *Arenger*, on the other hand, was so light and fast that she jumped right up on her own bow wave until it was underneath her mast, then planed along on her bottom like a surfboard. The stern wave was practically eliminated and along with it the limitation on speed. Fox was delighted to find that *Arenger* kept right on gaining with a freshening wind as long

as her crew could keep the boat on its feet.

*Arenger* was promptly entered in the top International 14 race, the Prince of Wales Cup. In that race, Fox lapped 14 of his competitors on the two-mile course and won the race by five minutes. As an encore, he sailed the 14-foot *Arenger* across the Channel (a feat in itself) to Le Havre where he won three races in two days. His race score for the year was 52 firsts, two seconds and three thirds. With a good wind broadside, *Arenger* would come up and plane, accelerating from six to 12 knots so fast that she left her fellow International 14s behind lonely and obsolete.

Historically, *Arenger* did more for sailing than provide a superior International 14. She was the progenitor of thousands of planing boats that changed the complexion of racing for those who joined the new classes. For instance, the heretofore dull and spiritless business of inching in on the leaders on the downwind legs was done away with. Given a good breeze, the downwind leg of a planing race is marked by a quick scramble of crews trying to jockey their hulls into planing position the instant the mark is rounded. The first man to plane his boat can make three or four boat lengths on the slower fellows. And sustaining the plane has become an art in itself. A hull planes best when

*continued*

**WINDING DOWNWIND.** International 505 scoots across white-capped seas off England in full planing position, making 15 knots despite carrying small Firefly-class sails.



almost flat on the water and the crews have to be willing to hang outside of their craft like trapeze artists to keep them flat. In fact some classes developed "trapezes" strung from the mast to facilitate just this.

In the beginning not everybody approved, of course. The early Fox design was tricky, prone to swerve like a rodeo bronc. The acrobatics required put a premium on belly and leg muscle. But winning is winning. Not long after *Arveger's* debut, the whole International 14 class was going to Fox for their boats. The 14s became hot rods. "A floating bundle of nerves," snapped one sailor who remained among the unconvinced.

"A disease," agrees George O'Day, the leading U.S. planing sailboat man. "The International 14 keeps you scared. You never know what it's going to do to you. I love it."

O'Day was infected in Bermuda in 1949, a time when the planing boat was just becoming known in the U.S. A transportation insurance expert, he was a top Marblehead small-boat sailor, and in the natural course of things would probably have become one of our best men in the big ocean-racing yachts if he hadn't stepped into an International 14. He hasn't been really happy in anything bigger since.

Ask O'Day about International 14s

and he will probably tell you about the regatta he sailed up in Canada last year.

"This race," said O'Day, in a recent telling, "was held at the tail end of a hurricane. Thirty-two of us started out on a flat plane for the mark, but as the first five of us turned it, all hell broke loose. A hard puff hit, the first boat was dismasted, the second lost her sails, the third—me—was blown clear out of the water and capsized, the fourth's rudder snapped and they capsized. The fifth tried to avoid the chaos and capsized too. The rest of the fleet planed into this mess at 12 to 15 knots. Not only were we trying to survive in water cold enough to freeze, but we had to fend off boats that ran right over us, completely out of control."

It's easy to see that had planing been confined to the 14 class, it would not have had a big following. Not everyone needs quite that much excitement. Shortly after the war, however, designers in England and on the Continent began to tame the planing hull. They produced a dozen new planing classes (see box), most of them of gentler temperament than the 14. Boat makers turned out well over 3,000 hulls to these designs. In the U.S. the leading makers were Douglass & McLeod, who produced the popular Thistle. In England, Fairey Marine Ltd., manufacturer of

the famous Mosquito bomber during the war, found that the hot-molding process that produced the Mosquito was also a fine way to make a sailboat. Soon Fairey Marine's quarter-inch-thick plywood planing hulls were coming out at the rate of several hundred a year. To start, Fairey got Uffa Fox to draw them up a 12-foot planer called the Firefly. Fairey now makes a Firefly a day (in sailboat, this is mass production). At 600 planing hulls a year, the company is currently the largest manufacturer of sailboat hulls in the world. In the U.S. the distributor for Fairey Marine is George O'Day.

"I've sold almost 700 planing boats," said O'Day, "mostly from Fairey. I started five planing classes over here. In some cases I practically gave away the first hulls in the class to get it going."

However, after O'Day introduced the swift Jolly Boat Class to Marblehead Race Week the result was so spectacular that O'Day was able to discontinue his giveaway program shortly thereafter.

"They started us out among the small boats," said O'Day. "This was on a six-mile course. About 45 minutes later we came planing into sight around the point, headed right for the finish line at 14 knots. They were still starting off the last classes there, and we scattered them like chickens.

**FIRST** small planing hull, the International 14 was prototype for more recent planing classes. For racers who prefer rugged sailing, like North American Sailing Champion George O'Day (at left below), this is still a favorite type.



**FASTEST** of the large planing classes, 24-foot Raven, needs more wind to plane than smaller hulls, has more speed than conventional boats of similar size. Only comparable boats as fast are the wide, flat-bottom sews, popular for lake sailing in midwestern U.S.



The race committee couldn't believe we had made it around so fast. They thought we'd missed a marker and kept yelling at us through their megaphones."

"Planing uses a new theory of sailing," said O'Day. "Now you carry sail enough to give you speed in the lulls, and you get through the hard puffs on guts and good sailing."

Capelizing does not excuse anyone from the rest of the race. The correct thing is to sail right out of the capsize and continue. The capsize crew, O'Day explains, swims in over the side, gets the sails lined up properly and submerges the boat along until the water starts to slosh out. Then they "bail like hell." In the last world championship for the 505 planing class, one boat went over three times and still managed a respectable eighth.

As grandfather to this new athletic breed, O'Day once tried to describe what planing meant to him. "I have a father-in-law," he said. "He once told me: 'George, you spend one-third of your time on an insurance business which pays you a handsome living. The other two-thirds you spend on sailing and selling boats which pays you practically nothing.'"

"There's no answer to that, I guess," said O'Day, "except that I wanted to bring planing to this country." **END**

## LEADING PLANING CLASSES

*Figures refer to length, weight, sail area, number of hulls in the U.S., price and makers.*

**Category I.** The hot hulls. Weigh less than 400 lbs., carry one or two men.

**INTERNATIONAL 14**—14 ft., 325 lbs., 166 sq. ft., 420 hulls, \$1,375 to \$1,475, Fairry Marine, others. Designs continuously changing, but this class provides top international competition. The most challenging of the two-man hulls. **505**—16' ft., 250 lbs., 150 sq. ft., 35 hulls, \$1,500, Fairry, others. Almost as hot as the 14, but more stable. Hull is standard but sail allowed to vary. Goes like a bomb in light air. **JOLLY BOAT**—18 ft., 310 lbs., 160 sq. ft., 129 hulls, \$1,145, Fairry. Completely standardized, fast in heavy weather. Capable of 22 knots. Fine for club racing.

**FLYING DUTCHMAN**—13 ft. 10 in., 374 lbs., 260 to 280 sq. ft., 300 hulls, \$1,650 to \$1,765 (41,750 fiber glass), Fairry, Stockton, Suddens & Sindle, others. Variations allowed in hull and sail. Fastest of category in medium winds, loses to 505 and Jolly in light wind or heavy weather. Capable of 22 knots. Excellent lake sailor. Picked for 1960 Olympics.

**PINN MONOTYPE**—14 ft. 9 in., 320 lbs., 114 sq. ft., 25 hulls, \$1,099, Fairry, others. One-man, single sail. A brute in wind. The ultimate test of racing stamina. Planes quickly, standardized. Picked for the 1960 Olympics.

**Category II.** Hulls weigh 450 lbs. or less but have generally lower speeds and more stability than category I boats.

**FIREFLY**—12 ft., 250 lbs., 90 sq. ft., 275 hulls, \$745, Fairry. Completely standardized, inexpensive interclub racers. **ALBACORE**—15 ft., 300 lbs., 123 sq. ft., 50 hulls, \$935, Fairry. Designed as a racer family planing boat. Completely standardized. **JET 14**—14 ft., 225 to 235 lbs., 114 sq. ft., 315 hulls.

\$795, Suddens & Sindle. A stable version of the International 14. Standardized. **CANNET**—14 ft., 260 lbs., 125 sq. ft., 45 hulls, \$1,645, Marconi Plastics. Fox design in fiber glass. Rugged, no spkers. **RHOES SANTAM**—14 ft., 300 lbs., 120 sq. ft., 673 hulls, \$375, Gibbs Boat Co., others. Faster than Firefly with the wind. **CADET**—19 ft., 675 in., 198 lbs., 55½ sq. ft., 200 hulls, \$445, Fairry, Medina Yard. Smallest planing boat. Not very fast. Good trainer. **THISTLE**—17 ft., 450 lbs., 175 sq. ft., 1,150 hulls, \$1,650, Douglas & McLeod, Inc. Heaviest in category I or II, needs good wind to plane. Most popular hull in the U.S.

**Category III.** Three-man boats. Weigh over 600 lbs. Slower to plane than category I and II hulls.

**RAVEN**—24 ft., 2 in., 800 lbs., 340 sq. ft., 257 hulls, \$2,150 to \$2,950, Medina Yard, Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co., others. Fastest in category III. With best 4 Star in medium and heavy wind. **HIGHLANDER**—29 ft., 675 lbs., 325 sq. ft., 215 hulls, \$2,575, Douglas & McLeod, Inc. Roomy, comfortable design. **FLYING FIFTEEN**—20 ft., 735 lbs., 160 sq. ft., 6 hulls, \$1,114, Tormentor Yacht Station. Only successful keel planing type. Needs stiff wind to plane.

**Category IV.** The crows. The original planing hulls. Developed independently of categories I-III. Highly specialized craft with skurt bows, flat bottoms. Suitable only for sheltered waters, but very fast off the wind.

**A SCOW**—35 ft., 2,400 lbs., 550 sq. ft., 50 hulls, \$5,500, Melges Boat Works, Johnson Boat Works. The fastest sailboat class in the world. Top speed 28 knots. **C SCOW**—20 ft., 450 lbs., 216 sq. ft., 500 hulls, \$1,695, Melges, Johnson, Rasmus Boat Works. **O SCOW**—29 ft., 650 lbs., 232 sq. ft., 75 hulls, \$1,895, Johnson, Melges. **E SCOW**—28 ft., 875 lbs., 319 sq. ft., 300 hulls, \$2,320, Johnson, Melges. Top speed 25 knots.

**FAVORITE** of Naval Architect Uffa Fox, who designed first planers—and of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh—is 20-foot Flying Fifteen, only successful planing keel boat. Here Philip, at helm, and Fox fly along in Philip's own Covsail.



**FARTHEST** limit of rough-water planing was reached in Uffa Fox's Flying 25 design which weighs 1,750 pounds and planes only in a hard wind. No seaworthy hull larger than this 37-foot craft has ever been made to plane properly no matter how strong the wind.



## Who said the big men were taking over?

**And what conquered defensive basketball? A sparkling season raised a host of questions**

GEOGRAPHY determines championships," a summation generally attributed to La Salle's Dudley Moore and generally subscribed to by the nation's college coaches, emerges as one of the few long-held theories apparently to stand the test of the recent basketball season. Playing the entire NCAA tournament within its state borders—two games on its own court and two in nearby Louisville—the University of Kentucky won the national title. And proponents of the hypothesis that a team's chances decrease with the distance from home base will never agree that the tournament was a fair test.

It matters not to these gentlemen that in at least three immediately previous seasons the theory was found wanting. (Only last year, North Carolina traveled a thousand miles to beat Kansas practically in the latter's backyard in Kansas City.) In refutation, they can and undoubtedly will point out that Champion Kentucky was unable to beat SMU this year in Dallas—an SMU team, incidentally, that could not even win its own conference race. But evidence can be submitted endlessly on both sides and will figure largely in the debates over where to hold next season's playoffs. How these games can be played on neutral courts, and on courts equidistant from the various competitors, is a problem that calls for much more than mere ingenuity. It also requires a bit of clairvoyance: arrangements must be made weeks before it is known which teams will win their conference races and thereby be eligible for the tournament. (This year,

for example, one high NCAA official thought it was safe to schedule playoffs in Lexington, because he was certain Kentucky did not have a chance to make the tournament.) One proposal is to ship all teams in one section of the country to playoff sites in another section—not a bad idea if you don't mind depriving local fans of a chance to see their champions in action. But after each round of play, there would have to be a reshuffling of dates and sites, repurchase of airline tickets and rearrangement of hotel accommodations.

It appears likely that the NCAA will have to stick to the current system and hope for the best as far as partisan critics are concerned. Certainly there can be no doubt that brilliantly coached Kentucky was the best team at Louisville—and would have been the best in Savannah or Walla Walla. Carefully brought along through a tough season, they were at their absolute peak—as a team. Those last three words are the important ones. This is still a team game, and a group of good individuals (Seattle) or a club with one weak link (Kansas State's Parr) or one with a single superstar (Temple's Rodgers) will not often prevail against a well-balanced crew that knows how to play together.

Speaking of superstars brings up the question of what happened to the big, big men who were supposed to dominate college basketball. All by itself, Kentucky demolished that theory; their important players were simply of average height (for basketball men, that is). And even Seattle, whose Elgin Baylor is a mere 6 feet 6, got to the finals without a dunker. Small (but rugged) Arkansas took the Southwest title over teams with 6-foot-10, 6-foot-9 and 6-foot-8 skyscrapers; Temple's really effective men were 6 feet 3 and under. There

were, to be sure, an equal number of good teams with outside performers, but the players that will be remembered from this season include Guy Rodgers, Oscar Robertson, Don Hennon, Dom Flora, Jack Rose, Alan Seiden, Jay Norman—all of them able to fit standard suit sizes—as well as the Wilt Chamberlains and Bob Boosers. One reason for this, of course, is that mere size, without the necessary sharp reflexes and coordination, does not make a basketball player. But there is also the fact that college coaches are learning more and more about how to contain the rival's big man. Using zones and all manner of collapsing, double-teaming defenses, they bottle him up; using stalling, keep-away offensive tactics, they reduce the time he can handle the ball to a bare minimum. This is something of a mixed blessing. Only a Nebraska roofer, for example, can enjoy the spectacle of a Nebraska team playing ring-around-the-rosy with Wilt Chamberlain in the middle, or the later sight of patty-cake with a basketball to kill the clock.

What to do about all this? Abolish the zone? Put in a time limit? The overwhelming sentiment of the

**NO. 1 FEMALE FAN** Vonnie Mangrum screams her joy during St. Louis victory.



coaches is still against such measures. It cannot be otherwise: there will always be more have-not coaches than have coaches—when it comes to good big men.

Another theory that appeared to suffer is the one about good defense winning championships. Not a team in the top 10 on defense last season got as far as the NCAA semifinals. Kentucky was 31st, Seattle did not make the first 50. There are several reasons for this. First, a good defensive record compiled in a conference where ball-control play is the rule is almost meaningless, and this alone could account for the presence of so many West Coast teams in the upper ranks. Second, even in fast-break territory, a team that plays deliberate ball (Oklahoma State) will come through a season with a remarkably low total of points scored against it. Finally, the best defense will still yield points—which must be made up by a reasonably good offense. The converse of this last point is, of course, also true, and the record is studded with high-scoring teams who failed to make the grade.

#### MARGIN IS THE KEY

Unquestionably, the best guide of all is the team's average margin over opponents. Figured on this basis, the 10 best in the nation read this way:

	For	Avg. Margin
1. Cincinnati	86.5	65.9 20.6
2. West Va.	86.9	68.5 18.4
3. San Fran.	66.0	50.5 15.5
4. Temple	73.2	58.5 14.8
5. Seattle	81.3	68.6 12.7
6. Kentucky	74.7	62.7 12.0
7. Kansas	67.3	55.3 12.0
8. Maryland	69.1	57.6 11.5
9. Bradley	76.6	65.3 11.3
10. Notre Dame	81.9	70.6 11.3

Note that only Kansas State, of all teams that did well during the season, is not on the list—which simply proves that even this system is not foolproof.

One solidly supported theory did stand up well: the game itself is growing in participation and popularity every year. Last season 897 four-year, degree-granting institutions played basketball, and though final figures are not in yet, indications are they played before record crowds. The NCAA tournament itself surpassed all attendance marks even before moving to Louisville for the semi-final and final nights. With bumper crops of good freshman players reported from every section of the

country, 1958-59 should show continued growth—and plenty of pulse-raising competition.

Among the pros, a season of sparkling play was also rewarded with record crowds (up about 7% to well over 2 million) and a new television contract with NBC that will allow more people on the nationwide network to see more regular and playoff games this year—at least 20, as opposed to last year's 15. The league's two week spots remain, and though there is hope for one (Cincinnati) this looks to be the last year for the other (Minneapolis) unless the upcoming player draft and subsequent trades result in a team that will win enough games to inspire real local support.

No one in the sport is more familiar with the exhausting problems of assembling a winner than the St. Louis Hawks' owner, Ben Kerner, who spent 13 years putting together the team that finally won the title last season. Along the way Kerner moved his franchise from Buffalo to Tri-Cities to Milwaukee to St. Louis in the search for a proper setting, and traded off such good players as Bill Russell, Bob Cousy, Willie Naulls and Mel Hutchins in welding a team with balanced ability and professional compatibility. His three standout acquisitions were Slater Martin, considered too old by other owners; Bob Pettit, passed over by others as only so-so; and Cliff Hagan, whose merits even Kerner doubted as recently as two years ago. All three contributed mightily to Kerner's first championship, but the greatest, of course, was Pettit. This shy young man, whose blue-eyed mildness off the court would charm and disarm Nikita Khrushchev, is a one-track-minded bundle of aggression with a basketball in his hands. His performance in the final playoff game against Boston, in which he scored a record 50 points and blocked a dozen Celtic shots, will never be forgotten by the capacity Kell Auditorium crowd that saw it. So much of nerve and muscle went into it that 15 minutes after the final buzzer sounded, in the champagne-popping uproar in the Hawks' dressing room, Pettit was unable to raise his head for photographers.

Though it appeared that nothing less than a brick wall would have stopped Pettit that night, it is still rather a pity that Boston's Bill Russell was hardly able to play anywhere near his best against him. Russell



DEADEYE BOB PETTIT takes aim for 2 of record 50 points he scored in finale.

were a cast on his damaged right ankle, and desperately tried to reach with his hands for positions and plays to which his legs would normally take him easily. In a cold sweat from pain all the way, Russell demonstrated a wealth of personal courage but only a small fraction of his skill.

Other achievements of note included Dolph Schayes' breaking of Bill Sharman's five-year grip on free-throw efficiency by 1.1 percent, Russell's smashing of every rebound record in the books for game and season, and George Yardley's production of more points (2,001) and more free throws (655) than any other player in history. Over-all, too, the teams averaged 106.6 points per game, seven more than the previous season, though general shooting accuracy remained about the same. What this means is that more shots were taken, which in turn is evidence of a continued speeding up of a game whose lightning action was already its strongest point of spectator appeal.

All in all, a banner year, with the promise of more of the same at tipoff time next October.

END

# The papillons of Peapacton

**Little dogs with butterfly ears  
and Old World histories are  
winning new fanciers in New Jersey**



**T**HE SPRIGHTLY dogs shown opposite with Mrs. John Keyes, new mistress of Peapacton Kennels in Long Valley, N.J., and the Kennels' founder Mrs. R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont (right), are papillons, members of an ancient toy family called by the French butterfly dogs because of their wide-flaring ears. Although there are less than 1,200 papillons in the U.S., the breed boasts a long and aristocratic history in Europe. Marie Antoinette and Madame de Pompadour seldom appeared in court circles without a papillon at heel. Such old masters as Titian, Velázquez, Tintoretto and Fragonard put the little dogs on canvas, and today in Ethiopia Emperor Haile Selassie is a dedicated papillon fancier.

On this side of the ocean, Mrs. Pierrepont deserves much of the credit for awakening American interest in the breed. As a child, the sister of her French governess first introduced her to the papillon. "The governess and her sister have long since vanished into the limbo of forgotten things," Mrs. Pierrepont reminisces, "but memory of the little butterfly dog lingers on." In 1953 Mrs. Pierrepont encountered once again the companion of her childhood and papillons soon replaced setters at her 350-acre estate, Peapacton.

Sturdy and energetic matches for their sportswoman mistress, the Peapacton papillons became regular companions on Mrs. Pierrepont's morning hikes through the rolling hills of New Jersey, in winter bounding through snowdrifts and in summer through flower-filled meadows. Eleven of Peapacton's 18 papillons have earned championships, several have been cover dogs and one played the animal lead in an off-Broadway production of *The Pink Panther*. As if this were not enough to recommend the breed, its silky coat requires no trimming, clipping or special grooming. One quick brushing and a papillon is ready for the show ring, looking as handsome as a high-fashion model. "But they're not half as temperamental," says Peapacton Kennels' new owner, who until last spring was Mrs. Pierrepont's professional handler. "My husband and I were captivated by their sweet dispositions," says Mrs. Keyes. "So many toy dogs are snappy and quarrelsome. Like all little things, they're egotistical. But not the papillon. He's just a regular fellow—a gentleman—only pint-sized."

**BIG-EARED BABY**, 3-month-old Peapacton's Cassandra (left) displays natural curiosity typical of the playful little butterfly dogs.

**BRIGHT-EYED BEVY** of Peapacton papillons entertains Mrs. R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont (right) and new mistress Mrs. John Keyes.





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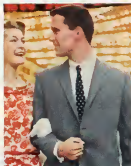
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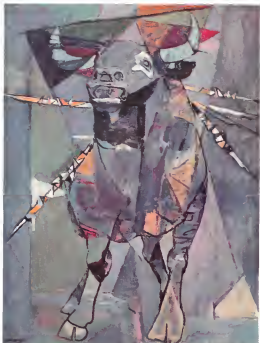


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## *The Defiant Bulls of Spain*

**Eric Isenburger paints the  
spectacle of Seville's bull ring**

**D**URING a summer in Spain, Eric Isenburger saw bullfights in Seville, and from those scenes of dramatic color came a series of paintings, two of which are shown on this page. Isenburger's tribute to the fiercely handsome animal who pits his wits and strength against a man's skill is evident in the painting at right. The bull is shown as a stately creature bathed in a kaleidoscopic aura of brilliant light and color. Below, in *Afternoon in Seville*, is the tense dance of the snorting bull and pirouetting matador. German-born Eric Isenburger came to the U.S. 20 years ago, is a citizen. Last year he was named a National Academician, and this year he is visiting professor of art at Mary Washington College, Virginia.



Courtesy M. Knoedler and Co.





*Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas*

## With Cares Unraveled...

Hiking a ridge, a meadow, a river bottom, is as healthy a form of exercise as one can get. Hiking seems to put all the body cells back into rhythm. Ten to twenty miles on a trail puts one to bed with his cares unraveled. Hiking—and climbing too—are man's most natural exercise. They introduce him again to the wonders of nature and teach him the beauty of the woods and fields in winter as well as in spring. They also help teach him how to take care of himself and his neighbors in times of adversity.

We need exercise as individuals.

We need to keep physically fit and alert as people.

"History is the sound of heavy boots going upstairs and the rustle of satin slippers coming down." Nations that are soft and sleek—people who get all their exercise and athletics vicariously—will not survive when the competition is severe and adversity is at hand. It is imperative that America stay fit. For today we face as great a danger, as fearsome a risk, as any people in history.

*W. O. Douglas*



**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED • AMERICA'S NATIONAL SPORTS WEEKLY**

## From rags to britches

WHEN Photographer Toni Frissell was in Nantucket last summer her camera caught the pair below in what looked like a brand-new fashion—patchwork madras trousers and shorts. Investigation brought to light a pantsmaker in Boston who, as far as could be discovered, was the first patcher of madras on the North American continent. More patchwork turned up in the Caribbean this past winter season in the form of patchwork madras skirts. Now northern suppliers of sports shops and country stores have patched up a whole new flock of summer clothes—varying from children's dresses to the luxurious silk and velvet skirt shown at lower right. Here, photographed with antiques from George Karger's shop, are island-born patchworks, which you will see a lot of this summer.



AT NANTUCKET, summer residents Ann Morton and John Jensen wear patchwork shorts (\$30) and trousers (\$40) with work-chambray shirts (George Stinefield in Nantucket).



PATCHWORK APRONS button on the sister dresses worn here by Mary and Joan Duffy. Dresses are brown cotton with red-and-gold aprons, were designed by Helen Lee for Alyssa (\$9, Lord & Taylor).

Photographs by Sherrill

HOOD SHIRTS are already hot numbers in the Fifth Avenue stores. Frank Robe's Joseph's shirt is made by Hathaway (\$11, Lord & Taylor) and Cinny Johnston's by HBI-Day (\$6.50, Saks Fifth Avenue).



**LOUISE SUGGS shows you how  
to play them closer to the pin  
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Louise Suggs, winner of more major titles than any woman golfer in history.





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## A longer look at Italian bidding

ITALY'S continuing sweep in international bridge play—two consecutive European Championships followed by two consecutive World Championships—has whipped up interest in their players' unique bidding system. Apparently, my recent brief outline of their "Neapolitan Club" system (SI, Jan. 27) just before the world championship matches at Lake Como whetted your appetite for more detail.

So here is some more complete information about their very different bidding ideas, previewed from my forthcoming book on the subject (*Goren Presents the Italian Bridge System*, out July 17, Doubleday, \$3.50). It is by no means easy to digest, and I don't recommend it for use by novices. However, anyone whose interest has been piqued by the Italians' seemingly odd bids should find it interesting to discover what their purposes are.

The Neapolitan Club is really two systems in one. It divides opening bids into two types: hands with less than 17 points in high cards according to the Goren point count (ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1); and hands with 17 points or more, or with such powerful distributional values that the opener does not wish to chance being passed out in a one-bid. Hands which fall in this strong category are opened with one club. This is the only opening bid which is absolutely forcing, but it is not forcing to game.

The one-club bid is artificial. It does not announce a club suit. It simply says: "Partner, I have a strong hand, and I want to know about your aces and kings. Ignore your distribution. Forget about the usual meaning your first response would have. Use this first bid to show your high cards on a quantity basis, counting each king as one control and each ace as two."

So the first response to the club bid is as artificial as the opening bid itself. It simply spells out the number of controls according to a step-ladder chain of responses, similar to the ace-showing answers to the Blackwood four no-trump bid.

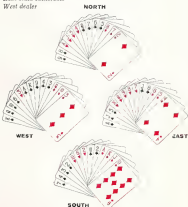
Of course, it is easier for the opponents to try to jam the broadcasting channels with an interference bid over one club than after a bid of four no trump. However, by adjusting the responses in accordance with the opponent's overall, the information can still be given unless the interfering bid is quite high. And against strong hands, high bids are dangerous.

Much has been written about the artificiality and the complexity of the bidding after a one-club opening, but the other half of the bidding system—tailored around the fact that the one-club bid has been pre-

empted for artificial purposes and that all hands of 17 points or more are opening club bids—is at least as complex, if not as artificial.

Let's look at one of the deals on which Italy had a substantial gain against the U.S. in 1967.

Both sides vulnerable  
West dealer



North and South passed throughout, and this was the bidding at both tables:

By the U.S.

WEST	EAST
1♣	1♥
1♦	2♦
3♦	3 NO TRUMP
PASS	

By Italy

WEST	EAST
2♣	2♥
2♦	3♦
4♦	PASS

Against the no-trump contract, South opened the king of diamonds and continued by leading the jack. Dummy's queen won, and declarer led a low club toward his jack. North stepped in with the queen, and the defenders collected two more diamonds and the ace of hearts. Result: 100 points to Italy.

continued



# BIDDING TABLE FOR NEAPOLITAN CLUB

## THE ARTIFICIAL ONE-CLUB OPENING

Shows at least 17 points in high cards (Goren 4, 3, 2, 1 count) or a strong distributional hand; does not show a club suit; is forcing for at least one round.

**RESPONSES:** The first response shows controls held (ace=two controls; king=one control) as follows:

1 DIAMOND—NONE	3 CLUBS—THREE
1 HEART—ONE	3 DIAMONDS—FIVE
1 SPADE—TWO	2 NO TRUMP—SIX OR MORE
1 NO TRUMP—FOUR	

**ALTERNATIVE RESPONSES** of 2 hearts and 2 spades show six-card suit with no controls; 3 hearts and 3 spades, seven-card suit; 4 hearts and 4 spades, eight-card suit. Since the opening bid announces at least 17 points, the first response sets the minimum level of the final contract at a game bid if it shows three or more controls. An overall complicates the control-showing process, but in most cases does not change the responder's obligation to show his high cards. Without a control, he passes; with one control, he makes the cheapest available bid. For example, if the overall is 1 heart, a pass says "no control"; a bid of 1 spade declares one control, etc. High interference bids make matters difficult, but are dangerous against the powerful hand shown by the one-club opening.

## OTHER OPENING BIDS AND RESPONSES

One of any suit except clubs: at least four cards in the suit; 12 to 17 points.

**RESPONSES:** Pass with less than 6 points, but make effort to bid if better able to support opener's possible second suit. Raise or bid 1 no trump with minimum hand. Response in new suit is forcing for one round. Responder's first bid may be a short suit if the second suit he bids is higher-ranking. Second suit must be playable. A jump raise in opener's suit is not forcing; shows 9-12 points, four or more trumps.

**A JUMP RESPONSE** of 2 no trump is not forcing; shows 11-12 points; used only when the holdings promise some advantage if no trump contract is played from responder's seat.

**ONE NO TRUMP:** 12-17 points, five cards in clubs, no other long suit. Responder bids 2 clubs with a weak hand and at least 2 (usually 3) clubs.

**TWO CLUBS:** 12-17 points, five cards in clubs, plus a second suit (may show six or more clubs). Response of 2 diamonds is conventional, showing normal 1 no-trump response to opening suit 1-bid, and inviting opener to show his other suit.

**TWO OF ANY OTHER SUIT:** A weak hand, maximum of 13 points in high cards, usually a second suit. Response of 2 no trump requests other suit.

**TWO NO TRUMP:** A long solid suit other than clubs. Response of 3 clubs asks opener to bid his suit.

**THREE CLUBS:** Preemptive, but stronger than other 3-bids; a hand similar to one shown by opening 2 no-trump bid, but with clubs as real suit.

**THREE OF ANY OTHER SUIT:** Preemptive; suit is weaker than shown by opening bid of 2 no trump. All of responder's bids are conditioned to the fact that opener cannot have more than 16 points.

## OTHER CONVENTIONAL BIDS

A double of opponent's opening bid is for a takeout, but first response indicates number of controls held, on the usual stepladder basis.

**ONE NO-TRUMP OVERCALL** is a distributional take-out double. Weaker than the double, it demands partner's best suit.

**TWO NO-TRUMP OVERCALL** is like a normal take-out double, calling for regular rather than stepladder responses.

**TWO NO-TRUMP JUMP OVERCALL** is completely artificial, and made for defensive purposes. Partner responds 3 clubs to allow bidder to show his suit.

**FOUR-FIVE NO-TRUMP BIDS** are Blackwood only when they are jump bids. Otherwise, they show added values, inviting but not commanding a slam.

**ASKING BIDS:** A useless jump bid of a new suit asks partner to show controls in that suit by steps (i.e., over 4 clubs, bid of 4 diamonds—one step) thus:

NO CONTROLS—ONE STEP	ACE OR VOID—THREE STEPS
KING OR SINGLETON—TWO STEPS	ACE-KING—FOUR STEPS

## THE FOUNDING FATHER AND SOME DISCIPLES

Eugenio Chiaradia (extreme left), the inventor and popularizer of the Neapolitan Club system, exults with his teammates over Bermuda Cup, symbol of World's Bridge Championship, after they retained it last January. His cohorts are (from left) Pietro Forquet, Walter Avarelli, Carl-Alberto Perroux (the non-playing team captain), Guglielmo Simionello and Massimo D'Alejo. On the right is Herman Deschen, tournament director.



At the other table, East-West never even mentioned no trump but rapidly arrived at four spades. North opened diamonds, and South collected two tricks there, returning a club. West won with the ace and led a heart. Now there was nothing the defense could do to prevent the declarer from winning 10 tricks.

It is interesting to consider why the Italians never mentioned no trump. It is worth noting that where a natural club bid is intended, assuming the hand is worth less than 17 points (with 17 points or more, the artificial club bid is mandatory), the player must open with one no trump or two clubs depending upon his distribution. With five clubs and a balanced hand the opening bid would be one no trump. With five clubs and a good second suit of four cards or more, the opening bid would be two clubs. The responder then bids two diamonds to allow the opener the chance to show his second suit. But if the responder has a good hand, he bids normally, in response to the two-club bid.

On the above example, West's rebid revealed that he held at least nine cards in the black suits. He could not

have more than 16 points, or he would have opened with one club. Much of his strength was likely to be in the two suits he had bid. So East could assume that his side was weak in diamonds and that spades must be a better contract than no trump unless West himself bid three no trump out of East's three-spade bid.

Suppose West's second suit had been diamonds. With a weak hand lacking club support, East would bid two diamonds, asking for West's other suit, and West could pass. But with his actual hand, East would bid two hearts and, to keep the bidding low, West would show diamonds as his second suit by an artificial bid of two no trump. A great many similar refinements have been woven into the system in order to convey a maximum of information at every turn, while keeping the bidding as low as possible.

The Italians' infinite capacity for great pains will be seen again if you refer—in the table of bidding on page 55—to the responses to the artificial opening bid of one club. In the midst of a smoothly ascending stepladder in which each higher bid shows one more control, there's a sudden jolt. The response of one no trump shows four controls, while the higher response of three clubs shows only

three. Why this recently added wrinkle? Because a no-trump declaration, if that is to be the final contract, may play better with the strong hand as declarer unless the responder has four controls. Not even so small an advantage is sacrificed to simplicity.

To sum up, just as it would be a mistake to judge a car by its optional accessories, it would be wrong to judge the Neapolitan Club system on its "gadgets" bids. Gadgets can be tacked onto almost any system. The one-club bid to show a strong hand was introduced along with contract itself by Harold S. Vanderbilt. He and other fine players have repeatedly demonstrated how well it can work.

The basic advantage of the Italian method is that it enables the partnership to determine at once how many of the control cards are missing; it often gives warning with the first bid and response that game is out of reach; it provides specialized bids to convey specific information with certain kinds of hands.

To determine whether it's worth your while to study further, try bidding these sample hands with your favorite partner. See if you can equal the Italian performance by checking against Italy's bidding results explained beneath the hands. **END**

### THREE TEST HANDS IN ITALIAN BIDDING

*With notes on why Italy's stars bid them as they did.*

#### A HAND REQUIRING A QUICK STOP AND GO

WEST	EAST
♠ 7 6	♠ J 10 5 4 3
♥ A Q 7 5 2	♥ K 6
♦ A K 6 4	♦ Q 8 5
♣ 9 7	♣ K 8 6

WEST	EAST
1♥	1♠
2♣	PASS

If West held a better hand, including perhaps heart jack, club queen and a singleton spade, he would open one diamond and reverse in hearts. East therefore knows this hand is limited to a part score. Without a strong preference for hearts, East must pass.

#### HERE ONE MUST LOCATE HIS PARTNER'S TOP STRENGTH

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 7 5 5	♠ Q J 4
♥ A 4 3	♥ K Q 7 2
♦ 2	♦ 9 7 6 5
♣ A Q 8 2	♣ K 3

WEST	EAST
1♠ (a)	1♠ (b)
2♣ (c)	3♥ (d)
4♣ (e)	4♣ (f)
4 NO TRUMP (g)	5♥ (h)
5♣	PASS

- Artificial bid
- Shows two controls
- Five-card suit
- Biddable suit
- Second suit
- Spade support
- Not Blackwood; asks location of control
- King of clubs

West is able to bid slam

#### IN THIS HAND THE RIGHT SPOT IS HARD TO FIND

WEST	EAST
♠ A K Q 10 5 4	♠ 6
♥ 10	♥ 8 5 5 4
♦ A 9 7 6 3	♦ Q J 4 2
♣ K	♣ A 10 9 7

WEST	EAST
1♠ (a)	1♠ (b)
2♣ (c)	2 NO TRUMP (d)
3♥ (e)	4♥ (f)
4♣ (g)	5♥ (h)
5♥ (i)	PASS

- Artificial bid
- Shows two controls
- Five-card suit
- Denies spades and five-card suit of his own
- Second suit
- Normal raise of suit
- Powerful rebiddable suit
- Shows club ace en route to five diamonds
- Knows he is off heart ace and diamond king



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

## Get your back up

### 39 This exercise will give you a trim back and a relaxed one

A strong, straight, smooth-muscle back looks good on anyone. A round, lumpy, fat one looks good on no one. Consequently, it is just as necessary to exercise for a good back as it is for a good pair of legs. Put simply cannot gather on well-used muscle. Tension also is relieved through this exercise—and the upper back is a great harbor for tensions.



Lie prone over a chair—If chair is not padded put a pillow or blanket over the sharp edges. Thrust the feet under a stable object, hands behind neck, and lower head to floor.



Twisting the upper body to the left, raise until it is level with the rest of the body, then lower it and twist to right. Repeat this maneuver five times each side.

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## Tip from the Top

STAN LEONARD, Vancouver, British Columbia

### Half shots and three-quarter shots

**M**Y THINKING on half and three-quarter shots is pretty much limited to the eight-iron, nine-iron and wedge. Let me give you the setting first—when a golfer should think of playing these shots. Let's say he's studying his approach and his partner or caddie estimates the shot by saying, "It's a full nine-iron." Well, it may very well be, but quite frequently a better shot to play at this time is a three-quarter or half shot with the next lower club, the eight-iron in this case. If there's a little wind in your face, then it certainly is the time. Apart from the benefit you gain from hitting a shot with a slightly lower arc, there's an additional benefit: using a little more technique on the swing invariably helps the player to hit better golf shots.

To play these half and three-quarter shots—shots on which you employ less than your full-length swing—the player short-handles the club a little, going down the shaft an inch or an inch and a half on his grip. He positions his feet a bit closer together than usual. On the backswing, he must be sure that his weight doesn't get off the left foot too much. Holding the weight on the left side is somewhat difficult, but try to keep the left heel "trapped" on the ground, as we say in Canada, and that will help considerably. Proceed to hit the ball firmly, very firmly, with your natural swing—your naturally restricted swing.



left leg overactive on full shot

the compact three-quarter shot

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## FRANKIE LAINE

*continued from page 38*

same name that sold 3 million copies). Little performed like a good cormorant. He shot a 281 to win by four strokes.

From that time until the Las Vegas tournament a year later, Gene went winless on the circuit. He had hit his worst slump since turning professional. His earnings dived sharply.

"Little has developed a loop at the top of his swing," said one expert. "His pivot has gone bad," explained another. "Too much right hand," said a third.

Laine listened dejectedly. "Even Little told me not to buy him," he said. "But what could I do? If I backed off, people would have called me a front-running chisla."

### THE HARD WAY

For one going in such poor form, the price on Little ran surprisingly high—\$15,000. Gene shot a 78 on each of the first two rounds. Frankie kissed his money goodbye. Then on the third round, while others lost ground in the face of gusty winds, Little romped in with a 69 to pop into the lead by a stroke. He increased it to three strokes the next day with a steady 70, and he and Laine came home the winner for the third straight time.

Little—and Laine—will have a chance to duplicate that triumph this year, for once again Gene has failed to win a single tournament and qualifies to play at Las Vegas only because he is the defending champion.

With his Calcutta earnings (after taxes) Laine has added a \$50,000 playroom onto his home in Beverly Hills, naming it, naturally, the Gene Little Room. Some 1,600 square feet of imported terrazzo covers the floor of the room, whose features include an indoor barbecue pit, fireplace, bar, billiard table, 100-record Seeburg automatic, hi-fi, piano, projection machine and screen, two baths with stall showers and a generous collection of custom-made furniture.

Atop the piano stands the "Gene Little Shrine," a glass case lined with red velvet and containing such Little mementos from the three tournaments as visors, golf balls, tees and score cards.

Looking ahead to Las Vegas next week, Laine says thoughtfully, "If I back that guy long enough, he'll build me a whole new house."

END

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## BAVARIAN TROUT

continued from page 29

leaps he streaked off toward the dam. My line was almost exhausted before he slowed and leaped again at the very lip of the dam. My light rod was bent like a hairpin and trembled under the strain. From the bank my host shouted unsolicited advice. Sweat poured off my face and trickled down my back. The cigarette which I had in my mouth when the fish struck began to burn my lip, and savagely I spat it into the stream.

Gingerly the warden maneuvered the skiff into shallow water, but as I jumped from it my feet slipped on the mossy pebbles and I landed with a splash, sitting in two feet of water. But my line was still taut and another leap showed the fish was still with me. Then abruptly he turned and raced upstream past the pool where his erstwhile comrades lay. Several of them, their curiosity aroused by his strange behavior, began chasing him into shallower water of the stream above the castle. By now he was tiring, and twice I managed to bring him almost to the shore. Each time he took one look at my big waders under the water and shot off again.

Nearly a half hour had elapsed before I managed to coax him into reach of my net and scoop him up. Exhausted, I stumbled ashore while my host hooked the fish to his scales.

"Three pounds," he announced. Then he raised his hat and shook my hand: "*Petri Heil!*" The warden swept the pebbles with his hat and solemnly congratulated me, adding gruffly: "It was that Paris number that fooled him." I breathlessly mumbled the customary acknowledgment: "*Petri Dank!*" and flung myself on the ground to drain the water from my waders.

My host clambered into the skiff to try his luck, and as soon as I'd caught my breath and wrung the water from my clothes I went off to investigate the river below the dam. I dropped a fly into the pool whence the brookie had emerged, and almost immediately it was seized by a 12-inch rainbow which jumped into the air trying to shake the hook from its mouth. But after the big fellow by the castle wall, he was easy game, and two minutes later he was resting securely in my creel.

Below the dam the river divided again into several channels with frequent pools. Wading from one to the

other, it was not long before I'd spotted a dozen good-sized fish. Less shy than their giant brethren under the castle wall, they quickly found their way into the creel.

It was late afternoon when we returned to the car and started up a narrow winding road that led up through a heavily wooded valley to the lake that formed the headwaters of the river. It was a small lake—perhaps a third of a mile long and 200 yards wide. Sheltered between two high rocky cliffs, no breeze could reach it, and in the evening light its mirrored surface was a deep blue-green reflecting the dark pines that clung to the cliffs on either side.



FAST WATER OF RÜDIGSSEE ACHES TUGS AT ANGLERS AS IT TURBLES DOWN MOUNTAINS

Behind the lake on a little hill stood a neatly painted country inn. Forewarned of our arrival, the innkeeper, a gray-haired, pot-bellied little man with a wooden stump for a leg, hobbled out to greet us.

After a bath in a tan tub filled by a relay of young girls, we polished off a shaker of Martins and sat down in the low, pine-paneled dining room to a dinner of venison and Burgundy. As we ate we post-mortemed the day's activities.

The grayling, we were forced to admit, had got the better of us. In several hours of fishing we had landed only two.

"There's only one way to catch grayling," my host said. "You must use two rods, each with a different type of fly. If they refuse your first, keep on serving it to them until they are used to it. Then switch quickly to the other, and when they see it's different they may rise to it. But not always, thank God! Otherwise there

wouldn't be a grayling left in the whole of Bavaria."

The giant rainbows under the castle wall too had been uncooperative. Only one—and one of the smaller at that—had made a mistake with *Monsieur le President*. I suggested that perhaps they'd go for a spinner. But my host frowned with disgust. "We don't use spinners on my river," he said.

"Have you any objection to using oars or even an anchor on the skiff?" I retorted. "They might at least keep your warden from catching pneumonia in that ice water. When I get back to Munich I'll send you a pair of oars."

My host smiled: "What are you

trying to do, undermine the feudal system?"

As a matter of fact, there are a good many remnants of the feudal system still firmly entrenched in the Bavarian countryside, a region sometimes as primitive as it is beautiful and a place where social progress is apt to be a little slower than in places where the tempo is faster and life grimmer.

The fish in a trout stream, for instance, are considered as much a part of the stream owner's crops as the wheat in a farmer's field is considered his. Often a major part of the stream owner's income is derived from the fish he raises and sells—which explains why so many still employ wardens to protect their streams from poachers.

My host's warden, who'd learned a few tricks during nine years in a Siberian prisoner-of-war camp, enjoys a reputation among the local village

boys for beating up suspected poachers first and asking for permits afterward—except in the case of American GIs, whose punch he has no desire to test. To deal with them, my host has another solution—a weekly fishing permit for the nearest American MP station in return for which the MPs handle their errant countrymen.

It is not always an easy task. When World War II ended and the GIs put aside their rifles, many reached for fishing rods and set out for the nearest stream. In fact, some merely reached for hand grenades and blew the trout out of the water. It took nearly 10 years of persuasion to convince the soldiers—and particularly their generals—that though they'd liked the Germans it was not cricket to loot their streams indefinitely.

Agreements have now been worked out whereby the troops can buy permits for certain stretches of water, and in many instances American Army rod and gun clubs have leased rivers for their members. But even so, an occasional GI winding up with a half-empty creel after a long day's fishing is apt to be confused and angry that he can't fish where he wants to as he could back home in Oregon or Wyoming.

Perhaps he wouldn't be as confused if it could be explained to him that the basis of his gripe goes back to the Magna Carta—or rather the lack of a German edition. When King John was forced to sign that document back in 1215, he agreed specifically that he would not bar the public from fishing in navigable tidal waters—the only public waters of any value to fishermen in those days. Today, unless an Englishman can prove that his exclusive fishing rights in English tidal waters predate the Magna Carta, he may not post them. Subsequently, English judges ruled that nonnavigable streams belonged to the owners of the land on their banks. In the case of navigable streams on public lands, the fishing rights were public.

It is due largely to these precedents that fishing in America is so much less restricted than in Continental Europe, where there are few, if any, public waters.

In Bavaria, where there was no Magna Carta, the feudal lords were able to claim exclusive rights to fish on all streams in their realm regardless of who owned the land. In the course of time these rights have been

reaffirmed



## MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Stirling Moss Famous British Racing Champion



"I had just left Brescia, in north Italy, and was averaging about 120 miles per hour, when I came to a sharp right curve," says racing champ Stirling Moss. "I put my foot on the brake—and just as the car began slowing down, my foot shot forward, off the pedal. Glancing down quickly, I saw that the pedal had snapped off! I was going into a curve at almost 120 mph—with no brakes! Luckily, I was able to check my speed by using the gear box... but, believe me, that was my closest shave!"

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dispersed by inheritance, grant, sale or lease. But to this day, ownership of the land along a stream and ownership of the stream itself are entirely separate.

Thus the score of farmers through whose property my host's river runs are not entitled to fish it but must grant him access to it. It had come into possession of his family in the year 1321, when one of his ancestors was a chamberlain in the Imperial Court in charge of commissary supplies. Many stretches of it have since been sold by improvident descendants, but much of it still belongs to the family.

In many respects, the system can be considered feudal but, on the other hand, Bavarian streams are generally kept well-stocked at no cost to the taxpayer and many of them are available to any fisherman with a dollar or two to spare. The reason my host's water is one of the finest in Germany is that for generations it has been carefully conserved, its waters protected against pollution, its plant life nourished, its population annually restocked and its yield strictly limited to prevent depletion. "It's like a farm," my host explained. "If you expect it to pay, you have to take care of it."

As we lingered over the Burgundy an old forester joined us. He was a tubby little man with a bushy gray beard that came almost to his belt. Dressed in leather knee breeches and green jerkin he could have passed for Rip van Winkle. His name was Schoenbauer, and he had been my guide on several shooting trips in the area. As a boy he'd been a gillie for my host's grandfather. He was retired now, living back of the forester's house but spending most of his time in the inn. Like most of the retired foresters in the area, he had been given a permit to fish the stream below the lake by my host, and now he wanted to brief us on fishing conditions.

It was nearly midnight and several bottles of Burgundy later by the time Schoenbauer had finished his briefing, which consisted chiefly of fishing stories about my host's grandfather. Thanks no doubt to the Burgundy I slept badly that night, dreaming constantly of sleek grayling, giant rainbows and fat brook trout. But my most vivid dream was of the little chalet in the clearing on the bend in the river.

At 9 o'clock the next morning we set out again. First we walked up the river below the lake. It was narrow and swift, and the banks on either side were heavily overgrown with willows and alders so that it was almost impossible to use a fly rod but somehow in the next few hours we managed to land a couple of small brown trout.

Just below the lake, the river broadened out into a big pool. The undergrowth had been cut away, giving plenty of room to cast without getting hung up in the bushes. "Try three flies on your leader," my host suggested when we reached the place. "But cut off the barbs. There's no need to tear the fish to pieces."

A small brown trout snatched at

pointed below the stern. There among the weeds a gigantic rainbow was swimming languidly, so close that we could make out her big bulging eyes and her grey, gaping, bony mouth.

"It's the Queen Mary herself," my host muttered, "and as old as the Mayflower." He placed a cast out in front of the old giant, but she didn't even raise her nose. For an hour we stalked her around the lake, trying every fly in our box, but she showed no interest and eventually we lost her among the weeds.

It was getting dark, and we were still hunting the queen when my host finally tore off his fly and tied on a large and gaudy streamer. "Old lions start hunting at dusk," he said. "Why shouldn't old rainbows?" As he pulled



BEARDED GAME WARDEN KUTSCHENREUTER FISHES BAREFOOT IN THE TRAM

the end fly almost as soon as it hit the water. As the line swung downstream a second grabbed the hand fly, and when I started to reel in a third hooked himself on the dropper. Swelling with pride, I landed the three fish and laid them back in the river. But my host, watching from the shore, promptly deflated me: "We call this pool 'Idiot's Delight,'" he said with an indulgent smile. "Now let's go get some lunch."

After a large lunch and a long snooze we rowed out onto the lake in a canvas boat provided by Schoenbauer.

The water was crystal-clear, and you could see perfectly down to the bottom, 20 feet below, where rainbows, brook and brown trout were feeding among the underwater foliage. Suddenly my host poked me and

the big streamer through the water it looked like a delectable young minnow.

We rowed to the spot where we'd last seen the queen and started casting. Old fish, my host said, usually stake out their hunting grounds which they seldom leave and from which they chase or chew up every intruder as they cruise about in wide circles.

For 10 minutes we had no luck, but suddenly my host's rod shuddered and bent. A second later the water broke, and the queen herself leaped clear into the air. To me she looked a yard long. She jumped again and then plunged toward the bottom. A moment later the reel was humming as she streaked up the lake. Frantically manipulating the oars, I tried to keep my host facing the big fish. For half an hour he drilled her reluctantly, paying out line when she darted



away, cautiously reeling in when she turned. He had knocked his Tyrolean hat into the water where it was floating serenely toward the outlet. His hair was hanging over his face, and his jaw was set in a savage grin.

Finally the old queen made a last frantic leap and then lay exhausted on the surface, her nose half out of water, as my host reeled her gently toward the boat. With a quick twist of the net he scooped her into the boat and fell headlong on her like a football player recovering a fumble.

It was practically dark when we rowed ashore and carried the monster to the inn. Several woodcutters and foresters including Schoenbauer were already assembled at the *Stomw-fisch* for their evening glass of beer. But at the sight of the queen they abandoned their mugs and crowded around the scales which the innkeeper had produced.

The verdict—7½ pounds—was greeted with whoops of delight and *Petri Heils*. A dozen caps swept the floor, and a dozen calloused fists seized my host's hand. Then Schoenbauer climbed on a chair and raised his beer mug. "It's a record," he announced solemnly. "The biggest your grandfather ever caught was seven pounds. I ought to know, I was with him."

Late that evening, as we sat in my library in Munich reviving ourselves with whisky and soda, my host was still glowing with excitement over the Queen Mary. "Nevertheless, it is different from your Oregon fishing," he said, almost apologetically. "Even the queen is no 20-pound steelhead. But our streams have their advantages. You don't have to take a two-week pack trip to reach them. A single holiday will do. And in Bavaria almost every day is a holiday of some sort." He paused, took a drink and then added, a bit awkwardly, "You are welcome to fish there whenever you want, but promise not to tell anyone where it is or I'll be pestered to death for permits." I promised.

That was a year ago, and I've kept my promise—for a very good reason. The chalet on the bend in the river is no longer empty. I've set up my typewriter in the back room where there is no view of the river to distract me, and behind me is a shelf full of fishing tackle. The giants under the castle wall and the Queen Mary's brethren in the lake are still wary of flies, but occasionally one of them makes a mistake.

END

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# MY NEW KENTUCKY HOME

by GENE MARKEY

Being a paean of praise for the land of the julep, the  
Thoroughbred and the gracious life, by a wanderer  
who loved it at first sight and never wants to leave

REAR ADMIRAL GENE AND MRS. LUCILLE MARKEY STAND IN BRISK SPRING SUNSHINE BEFORE THEIR CALUMET FARM HOME

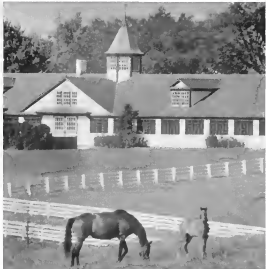


FOR MANY DECADES I have wandered up and down the world and lived in or served in—or at least ordered a drink in—most of its countries, but never did I find a land so heart-holding as Kentucky. A traveler viewing it before the War of the Revolution wrote: "It is an earthly paradise"—but surely that footloose fellow was guilty of understatement. Though it may be presumptuous of a Johnny-come-more-or-less-lately to thump the tub in praise of Kentucky, I cannot restrain my ardor for the place and its people.

Since the War between the States a widening trickle of pilgrims, drawn by the lure of the Bluegrass, has been infiltrating my favorite state from the north. I arrived in Lexington only five years ago, a carpe-bagger with airplane luggage, and I doubt if any reconstructed Yankee ever dwelt so peacefully in a Confederate civilization. Geographically Kentucky may not be considered a southern state by some, yet spiritually and phonetically it is very southern indeed. The people have the embattled independence of the deeper South, and the same courtesy and hospitality. I have found them to be stout friends and formidable cup companions.

The phantom flag of the Confederacy still flies over Lexington, and seldom do you meet a citizen who will not reveal that the menfolk of his family fought in the southern army. This allegiance to the Lost Cause, however, flourishes somewhat in reverse retrospect: history hunts that during the war the town was quick to baul down the Stars and Bars and hoist the Stars and Stripes. Though modern Lexingtonians tardily put up a statue of General John Hunt Morgan, their great-grandfathers, when the gallant Rebel cavalryman "came through" in '64, denounced him as a rascal, a bank robber and a damned horse thief. But time mellows, as our distillers say. At the close of the war Lexington, Ky. was just as Yankee as Lexington, Mass.; today it is firmly and flamboyantly southern.

The Kentucky I cherish is a vast green roll of farmland, slashed by streams and branches, with Herefords, Black Angus, sheep and—of course—horses grazing in the pastures. Under high trees which are remnants of the great primeval forest, farms are set off by white fences, black fences or stone walls that were built by slaves. Here and there are little towns, unchanged in a hundred years and giv-



A MARE, HER FOAL AND CALUMET BARN EMBODY THE KENTUCKY HORSEY LOVES

ing out a quiet charm which the larger towns have lost by being too busy. (Still, I do not hold with those prejudiced Hardboots who maintain that Louisville is in Ohio!) Of the small towns Frankfort, the capital, has some of the grace of old Kentucky; Danville, too, Harrodsburg, Richmond, Bardstown (isn't there a horse by that name?). I confess a fondness for Cynthiana and Georgetown for what they were in the Civil War, when the intrepid General Morgan used to ride through to smack the Yankees or to outwit them and escape.

The best parts of Kentucky are agricultural. In summer the hills and valleys "stand so thick with corn," and fields of hay and grain stretch away to every horizon. Apart from the Thoroughbred horse, tobacco is Kentucky's special blessing; there is a blind tobacco barn on every farm. While some grangers raise only an acre of the precious weed, others, such as Colonel Gus Gay, raise a sizable crop. The Government, however, grimly sees to it that nobody grows as much as he wants.

Domesticated at Calumet Farm, I naturally spend a good share of my days and evenings among people who breed and race Thoroughbreds, and 99 99/100% of these are as agreeable

company as ever I sat with at table. Traditional Kentucky hospitality has never diminished; the names of Bluegrass farms hark back to the days of gracious living (though I will don my harking jacket to report that living is mighty gracious even today). I am always delighted to dine at Scarlet Gate, Spendthrift, Lanark, Claiborne, La Belle, Greentree, Rayburn, Manchester, Harkaway, Wal-mac, Dixiana, Normandy, Walnut Hall, Marchmont, Stoner Creek, Dentreath House, Clifton or Westover. Hoodown nights are best of all—when the rugs are rolled back and the dancers are rolled in. (Summer-times, listening to music in Paris, France, I can still hear the rattley-bang of old Smith's orchestra playing *Shake It as' Break It* in Paris, Kentucky.)

Duels have been fought over the relative merits of Kentucky and Virginia hams, but it must be conceded that a Kentucky ham, cured by loving hands and baked by ritual, is superlative fare. Several items on Bluegrass menus are indigenous: that esoteric delicacy, rooster fries; a mysterious dish called burgoo; beaten biscuit, paper-thin, as invented by the Burt sisters in their debutante days. Now, I admire Kentucky ladies and I can

continued

## KENTUCKY HOME

continued

vouch that they "set a good table," but I am shocked at one vestige of savagery practised by the males: 76% of them drink Scotch whisky. This in a region renowned for its ambrosial bourbon! By the breath of Bacchus! Only a poor wight with paralyzed tonsils could deny that our bourbon is the finest grog ever barreled.

Everybody knows that Kentucky is the "home" of the American Thoroughbred. In early times, as soon as a settler could afford two pairs of moccasins he bought himself a race horse. During the 19th century all but a few of the legendary turf heroes were bred in the Bluegrass—and this supremacy still continues.

A galaxy of giants in Kentucky breeding-race-racing since 1900 have gone: James R. Keene, James Ben Ali Haggin, Payne and Harry Payne Whitney, Major Foxhall Daingerfield, John Madden, Samuel Riddle, Warren Wright, Arthur Hancock Sr., Joseph Widener, William R. Coe, Charles Shaffer, Colonel Bradley; but the big breeders and owners carrying

on today are valiant sportsmen, and racing owes much to them. I do not know them all (to my regret, I am probably the only fellow in these pages who has never met Colonel Phil Chinn) but to the ones I do know I lift my fox-skin cap. You can see their names on the race programs at any track: John Hertz, Henry Knight, Leslie Combs II, George Widener, Hal Price Headley, Charlton Clay, Dan Rice, C.V. Whitney, John Hanes, Charles Fisher, Ira Drymon, Dr. Esie Asbury, John Marr, Howard Reineman, John Galbreath, Wallace McIlvain, Ed Thomas, George M. Humphrey. Then the younger men: A.B. Hancock Jr., Louis Lee Haggin, Duval Headley, E. Barry Ryan, Robert Alexander, the Nuckols brothers, Lou Doherty, John Bell III, Tom Bennett. And the ladies: Mrs. Charles Payton, Mrs. John Galbreath, Miss Mary Fisher, Mrs. Ada Rice, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, Miss Mildred Woolwine, Mrs. Edward Moore, Mrs. Parker Poe, Mrs. Burnett Robinson.

JUST as a reminder that the Bluegrass is represented in Affairs of State, John Hay Whitney (Master of Greentree) is U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Maxwell Gluck (Master of Elmendorf) Ambassador to Ceylon.

Lexington has always been a horsey town. A hundred and thirty or so years ago the local lawmakers must have been very narrow-minded: they banned "racing in the street"; but it is not recorded when such informal urban handicaps ceased. From long before the Civil War, races were held at the old Association track; then in the 1930s Keeneland was built. Keeneland is a nonprofit course created by men who themselves bred and raced. Its attractive stone clubhouse rose out of a barn once belonging to Jack Keene, trainer for the Czar of Russia. The meetings have a casual, homey air combined with considerable dignity; neighbors compete against neighbors (howling themselves hoarse during a stretch run) yet the top horses of the nation race here, too, and all profits go to charity. Today Keeneland is piloted by two stalwart young sportsmen, Louis Lee Haggin II, grandson of the fabulous James Ben Ali, and Duval Headley, master of Manchester Farm—with their able manager, W.T. Bishop. For me it is the world's most pleasant race course.

*Weep some more, my lady,  
Oh, weep some more today!*

Not that my wife is the weeping kind, but she might shed a tear on May 3 if she has no Derby colt. Most years her Calumet colors go postward in the Run for the Roses—and six times she has won that coveted gold cup. Like many owners, she would rather win the Kentucky Derby than any dozen stakes in racing, and I devoutly hope that Ben and Jimmy Jones will have a colt or two ready on the first Saturday in May.

Every spring SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gives the Derby broad coverage, and better typewriters than mine have elaxed poems to America's most

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rear Admiral Gene Markey, "the man behind the woman behind the horses out in front," came to Kentucky and Calumet Farm in 1962 after an illustrious career as a writer and producer in Hollywood and as a reserve officer in the World War II Navy. In the accompanying article Markey expresses his gratitude to Kentucky but fails to state that the Land of the Juleps is indebted to him for introducing a new and popular drink—the Love Potion. The recipe:

1 part Demerara rum, 1 part light Barbados rum, 2 parts light Bacardi rum, 2 parts dark Bacardi rum, 2 parts fresh lime juice, 2 parts canned pineapple juice and a dash of maraschino.

Shake well with ice, and serve with a low bow.

written-about race. I will only say that Colonel Bill Corum, president of Churchill Downs, and himself a Churchillian figure among sportsmen, stages a magnificent spectacle—and rather than miss it I would walk miles over broken bottles. (This is not really necessary, as Colonel Corum has an army of men sweeping them up.)

Besides Thoroughbreds and standardbreds (trotters) some hunters are bred in the Bluegrass. (Others are imported from Virginia and Ireland.) Our Iroquois Hunt, one of the oldest in America, always has a large field following the hounds over stiff country, steep and rock-jedged. (Kentucky has more foxes than Leicester-shire.) The joint masters of the Iroquois, Edward Spears and Fauntleroy Parsley, have done a fine job of popularizing this noble sport—particularly among students and other young people—by making sound hunters available for hire at reasonable fees. The



HAPPY SOCIAL LIFE of Lexington glows warmly at party at the Leslie Coombes.

clubhouse is a converted mill down by an old millstream—and from early autumn, when the Episcopal bishop blesses the hounds, till snowfall, it is a scene of pink-coated gaiety on Saturday nights.

Lexington, the Bluegrass capital, has a faint lingering aura of Early America, though progress has raised hell with it. Only three or four of the superb old houses still stand. Two are preserved as shrines—Henry Clay's Ashland and General Morgan's residence. To an innocent bystander it would appear that the real estate wallahs can't wait to tear down a historical relic so they can set up a parking lot. In the late 18th century Lexington was hailed as the "Athens of the West," and had a population larger than Pittsburgh. Today it is a hustling, bustling city, smaller than Pittsburgh—though industry is elbowing in (and at an alarming rate, for those who preferred the old way of life). I like Lexington. Almost everybody talks horses. Old John, the colored doorman outside the Lafayette Hotel (he has braved Saharan heat and subzero weather there for 30 years) knows how your yearlings look and what your chances are in the Belmont. (The Shousses, who run the hotel, breed horses.) Across the street Owen Williams, the amiable apothecary, will, while filling a prescription, tell you how good Nadir is. Around the corner in his roomy bookshop, Joe Houlihan (he happens to be the president of the American Booksellers Association) enjoys discussing Bardstown's return to the races—and can also phone and find out who won the third at Bowie. Up Main Street my friend Mr. Angelucci, the tailor, after I have exhausted my few words of Italian, may explain why undefeated Ribot, in his native Italy, will be the foremost European sire. Along comes Baron Fred d'Osten, taking his morning walk to buy the *Racing Form*. The baron was an officer in the Czar's cavalry and a gentleman rider in Russia, until the Communists outlawed gentlemen. Now he is a consultant on Thoroughbred bloodlines and chooses to live in Lexington because it is the center of the equine world.

THIS interest in race horses extends even to Lexington professional circles. I don't say that the dentists drill while watching a televised Hialeah feature, but one of our best-known barristers picks out colts and fillies

continued

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## Neil Morgan WRITES ABOUT CALIENTE

A little lady Ph.D. at California Western University, across the border from California, asks her Friday lecture periods to answer questions submitted by her students.

After disposing properly of a query on the War of the Roses, the other day, she read aloud the question: "Told Silky Sullivan won the Kentucky Derby?"

Without a trace of alarm, she answered: "The only way he can lose is if the Sires falls off his back. Next question."

The faithful believers in this California wonder horse also have been joined by Executive Director John Alessio of Caliente, who opened Silky at 2-1 in the Kentucky Derby Future Book. This book king has been known as one of the most accurate three-quarters for testing Derby fever.

The fast spoke up promptly after the book opened with whopping margins on Tom Fin, dropping him from his 4-1 opening price.

Encouraged by memories of Delmonico and Swaps, backers of Silky are primed to celebrate Derby Day at Caliente as usual—drinking neat juices, betting the race through Caliente's multi machines, hearing the fan by loudspeaker, and collecting winnings at Churchill Downs prices.

It's all set, now that Silky has a Ph.D. going for him.

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### INFIELDING

The Yankees' versatile Gil McDougald analyzes the art and science of infielding in next week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Part IV in the great series on *Big League Secrets*.

In the May 5 issue of  
**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**  
On newsstands May 1

## KENTUCKY HOME

continued

for his clients at the Keeneland sales; and recently the eminent heart authority, Dr. Thornton Scott, came out to the farm to take a cardiogram of Citation. He also took one of Nashua, My Babu and other stallions, in an experiment which proved that a crazy-looking cardiogram does not mean heart trouble in a horse—valuable news for Lloyd's of London.

An assortment of turf writers have headquarters in Lexington, and the two top horse magazines, *The Thoroughbred Record* and *The Blood-Horse* are published here.

Oddly enough, horses do not provide the sole diversion. Kentuckians go in avidly for all sports, including chicken fighting. They are probably the most sports-minded people on earth. Any evening they will leave a pheasant dinner before the pheasant is served to rush off to a basketball shambles, and they think nothing of broiling under the summer sun to watch a track meet or shivering, flask-deep in snow, to see their U. of K. football team beat Tennessee.

**Y**ET if a poll were taken, sports might not prove the dominant interest of Kentuckians. Many communities are, as Wilson Mianer said, crawling with culture. I am sure that more inhabitants of Fayette County can whistle Bach than can tell you who won the Preakness in '57. There are half a dozen colleges around Lexington, innumerable literary klatsches, organizations to foster chamber music, flower-study groups, vereins for morris dancing, exhibiting the works of abstract painters or reviewing the battles of the Civil War. The Monte Carlo Ballet comes here as often as it comes to Boston, and the composer John Jacob Niles, America's No. 1 interpreter of mountain music, lives here. Maestro Niles possesses a spacious farm, a handsome wife and an imposing talent (not necessarily in that order). We are proud of him.

To an old gaffer like myself who writes historical novels, Kentucky is plain the sky. No state except Virginia has such a bright glow of history; you can't drive five miles anywhere without seeing a neat black and white sign marking one of Kentucky's great moments. It is impossible to crowd in all the towering figures that strode, in boots, moccasins or barefoot, across the "dark and bloody ground" of Ken-

tucky's history. However, my favorite L.F.'s are the Indian fighters, Lieut. Colonel Dan Boone, Simon Kenton and William Whitley; Henry Clay, who used to back up his political beliefs with his duelling pistols; Cassius Clay, who preached abolition and freed \$100,000 worth of slaves in one day to prove a point—and who proved other points with his fists, bowie knife, pistol, rifle and even cannon; General Morgan, that bold (and tragic) Confederate leader; his knightly chief-of-staff, General Basil Duke. These, in my book, top the roster of Kentucky's heroes. These and one other, for Abe Lincoln rightly belongs to Kentucky, in spite of the Illinois license plates: he was born here, he married a Lexington girl and his uncle, Tom Lincoln, operated a stillhouse that made excellent Kentucky whiskey.

If the state is rich in history, it is also rich in historians. Three of the most readable live in Lexington: William H. Townsend, J. Winston Coleman and Thomas D. Clark. (History-minded Jack Lansil and I often travel many a mile to lunch with them.) Judge Townsend, though a staunch son of the Confederacy, is one of America's great Lincoln authorities, and the long-playing records of his address on Cassius Clay will give you more history and laughter than you are liable to hear in any evening. Squire Coleman's dozen or more books bring back vividly the days of slavery, stagecoaches and sin, Kentucky before and during the Civil War; no one has done it so well. When Dr. Clark (who heads the U. of K. history department) wrote *The Kentucky*, he created a classic: here are the origins and elements of Hardboot civilization, the devious trends and thunderous events of 200 years which forged this unique state and gave its people their highly distinctive character.

By far the liveliest aspect of existence down here is politics—which you will hear argued hotly day and night. Even if you agree with a Kentuckian politically, he is very likely to disagree with you. I usually eschew the subject and talk about the weather—which, also, is unpredictable. But if a Republican newcomer in a Democratic balliwick might be permitted one opinion, I would say that Happy Chandler is a good governor. I will gallop behind his barouche any day.

Throughout this humble homily I have tried to imply that no duck ever took to water as I have taken to Kentucky.

END

## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

### The readers take over

#### **BASEBALL ISSUE: GOOD CHEER**

Sirs:

The best baseball issue (SI, April 14) yet! Robert Creamer's *The Unbesearched Truth* was a masterpiece and should be read by every baseball fan. It did so much to bolster the spirits of fans everywhere.

PAY WILLIAMS

Wilmington, Del.

#### **WRIGLEY: WISE, WISE MAN**

Sirs:

I spent a good hour working my way through Robert Boyle's article on Phil Wrigley and found it fascinating. That man is a complete paradox. How different most of us would be from him were we born to wealth and a name. But he's a wise, wise man and he knows where the real values are.

A. N. WETZNER

Chicago

#### **PAY-AS-YOU-DON'T-GO TV**

Sirs:

Mr. Creamer points out in *The Unbesearched Truth* regarding subscription television that at 50¢ a set our World Series game will bring in an estimated \$19 million. Six and one-half million of this would go to the company that owns the pay-TV franchise. Spread over the baseball season this income represents fantastic money.

The money of course comes from the fan, who will have to pay for exactly the same thing he now sees free of charge. Just what are the proprietors of the pay-TV franchise going to offer the television audience that they are not getting now? Nothing. But if you don't put your 50¢ in the living-room slot machine you can't see the ball game.

PAUL HARRIS

Los Angeles

#### **THE VOICES: SOMETHING TO REMEMBER**

Sirs:

Why blast Philadelphia Announcer Gene Kelly? The quote you gave, "Don't set the table, Mabel, we'll be here for extra innings," is often heard by the fans here, but your comment that this "can war" is simply uncalled for.

That expression is Gene Kelly, the man we Phillies fans love to follow during the baseball season. In the opening game of the season Kelly came up with an expression, I'll always remember: "Spring training is over and it isn't next year, it's this year."

BETSY MORRILL

Newtown, Pa.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

... SILENT IN CINCINNATI

Sirs:

In your analysis of the 16 clubs, you mentioned every announcer in the business with the exception of one: me. I have been broadcasting the Cincinnati games with Waite Hoyt for four years and, as you know, getting your name before the public in a magazine such as yours never did any harm.

JACK MORAN

Cincinnati

● **JACK MORAN** (37, modest), the No. 2 radioman with Waite Hoyt, was a nine-letter man at Bellevue, Ky. high school. Moran spent several years broadcasting over stations in West Virginia, New Mexico and Wisconsin before joining WSAI in Cincinnati. In the summer of '54 Moran won out over 125 other applicants to become Hoyt's assistant. A good enough ballplayer to have been offered a contract by the Albuquerque Cubs when he was announcing their games, Moran is a knowledgeable observer of the game.—ED.

... MOVED IN ST. LOUIS

Sirs:

Everyone in the St. Louis area and any Cardinal fan knows Harry Caray (43, exuberant) for his "Ho-ly co-on!"

Maybe the Braves' Earl Gillespie says it, too, but surely not as heart-rendingly as Harry Caray.

ETHEL BURGARD

Macomb, Ill.

● What else is a man in the grip of deep emotion to say?—ED.

BROOKLYN'S OPEN WOUND

Sirs:

Roy Terrell made the ridiculous, ill-documented and idiotic statement that "If Brooklyn fans had wanted the Dodgers badly enough, by their very presence in the ball park they could have assured themselves of a team for all time."

This is unadulterated hogwash. The Brooklyn fans paid \$1 million for each of the past 11 seasons.

O'Malley didn't respect the Brooklyn fans. He didn't think enough of them to paint the park annually as his so-called "cheap" predecessor Branch Rickey did. Nor did he keep the field presentable by hiring a capable groundskeeper. More than once green dye was used when grass faded.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—OF B. B. Brown, Kansas City News 7—OF J. P. Williamson, Morning News 8—Charles Brown, Boston Globe 9—D. W. Smith, Michigan Week 10—C. F. B. Smith, G. Zimmerman, Stone Mountain Herald 11—R. B. Richard, Mass. 12—Fred Sisk, Bill Young, San Francisco Chronicle 13—Phil Bohn, 1961 14—B. B. Smith 15—John Brown, 1961, Allan, Grand 1961 16—20—B. B. Brown, 1961 17—J. P. Williamson, 1961 18—Phil Bohn 19—B. B. Smith 20—B. B. Brown, 1961 21—J. P. Williamson, 1961 22—Phil Bohn 23—B. B. Smith 24—J. P. Williamson, 1961 25—J. P. Williamson, 1961 26—J. P. Williamson, 1961 27—J. P. Williamson, 1961 28—J. P. Williamson, 1961 29—J. P. Williamson, 1961 30—J. P. Williamson, 1961 31—J. P. Williamson, 1961 32—J. P. Williamson, 1961 33—J. P. Williamson, 1961 34—J. P. Williamson, 1961 35—J. P. Williamson, 1961 36—J. P. Williamson, 1961 37—J. P. Williamson, 1961 38—J. P. Williamson, 1961 39—J. P. Williamson, 1961 40—J. P. Williamson, 1961 41—J. P. Williamson, 1961 42—J. P. Williamson, 1961 43—J. P. Williamson, 1961 44—J. P. Williamson, 1961 45—J. P. Williamson, 1961 46—J. P. Williamson, 1961 47—J. P. Williamson, 1961 48—J. P. Williamson, 1961 49—J. P. Williamson, 1961 50—J. P. Williamson, 1961 51—J. P. Williamson, 1961 52—J. P. Williamson, 1961 53—J. P. Williamson, 1961 54—J. P. Williamson, 1961 55—J. P. Williamson, 1961 56—J. P. Williamson, 1961 57—J. P. Williamson, 1961 58—J. P. Williamson, 1961 59—J. P. Williamson, 1961 60—J. P. Williamson, 1961 61—J. P. Williamson, 1961 62—J. P. Williamson, 1961 63—J. P. Williamson, 1961 64—J. P. Williamson, 1961 65—J. P. Williamson, 1961 66—J. P. Williamson, 1961 67—J. P. Williamson, 1961 68—J. P. Williamson, 1961 69—J. P. Williamson, 1961 70—J. P. Williamson, 1961 71—J. P. Williamson, 1961 72—J. P. Williamson, 1961

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ROBERT SUGRILL

Emmitsburg, Md.

... AND BOSTON'S HOPES

Sirs:

Your "wonderful" report on the Boston Red Sox stating that that team would go nowhere but down is rather hasty. Please notice who in the Grapefruit League topped the teams in the American League. No further comment on that. Casey Stengel was quoted as saying that Boston would definitely have to be considered a serious contender as well as Chicago.

DONALD E. SAMBURG

Geneva, N.Y.

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- 8 strikeout
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- 12 safe on error

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KINNON McLAMB

Goldboro, N.C.

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Sirs:

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PEGGY ELIOT

Great Neck, N.Y.

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## PAT ON THE BACK



*Dick Baxter*

In May of 1897, the year Dick Baxter was born in Melrose, Scotland, Louis P. Bayard Jr. put together a sharp 91 over the rain-soaked links at Ardley Casino to take the first intercollegiate golf championship. Intercollegiate golf is now 60 years old, and so is Dick Baxter, who has spent 35 years of his life teaching the game to the undergraduates of Williams College. Twenty-two men from four eastern colleges made up the field of that first tournament; last year more than 200 young golfers from 60 colleges all over the country took part in the NCAA-sponsored competition.

An easy-going, almost phlegmatic man, Baxter espouses no teaching gimmicks, just "takes the boys and

corrects their faults." Every year some 250 of them take up the game for pleasure or as part of Williams' physical education program. From these squads have come teams that have taken the New England championship three times in six years, as well as such a first-rate player as Dick Chapman, onetime U.S., British and French amateur champion. Fittingly enough, this year's intercollegiate championship will be played over the Williams College course with Baxter on hand to coach and counsel as he has done for over a third of a century. "Golfing is one sport," says Baxter in his still slightly Scots-accented voice, "that you can take with you until you're ready for Digger O'Dell."

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